

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE case of the street car conductors is not one for hasty judgment. Pending a full hearing of the evidence, the public are not in a position to jump to the conclusion that the men arrested were either conspirators or were the victims of a conspiracy. But supposing that these men are guilty of using "diggers" to open the company's fare boxes, as charged, it is well to remember that they are not the only ones who stand arraigned in this case. The detectives and their methods are also on trial. The law may not recognize that this is so, but public opinion will. It is always a poor defence for an accused person to say "So-and-so tempted me and I fell." It is a poor defence because it admits guilt at the outset. It is the same defence as Adam advanced in the Garden of Eden, which did not save him from punishment, though it was undeniably true. But if the fact of temptation and the manner of the temptation are not matters for the law to consider, they will nevertheless be weighed, together with the other evidence, by the public. It was doubtless necessary to employ foreign detectives in this case, if it was necessary to employ detectives at all. But these gentry from the United States bear none too high a reputation in Canada—or, for that matter, in their own country. Canadians saw something of their methods in the Napanee bank robbery case. They will be on trial at bar of public opinion in this case, as they were in that. And those who employ them cannot escape responsibility for their deeds. What the public wants to know is not merely whether the street car conductors under arrest were guilty of robbing the fare boxes, but also the share of the detectives, if any, in that guilt. The latter fact may have in the eyes of the law no bearing on the former, and in the eyes of the law doubtless should have none. But it has a very direct bearing on the credit of foreign detective agencies sometimes employed in this country. And that is a matter with which every free Canadian citizen, who might under conceivable circumstances be charged with the commission of crime, is somewhat concerned. We don't want Yankee detectives, of either the Pinkerton or any other brand, to come into Canada and school our citizens in crime. Toronto's street car employees, taken altogether, are a pretty fine lot. If the men now under arrest are guilty it is a thousand pities that they have brought suspicion on hundreds of innocent men who are both hard-working and honest.

AMONG the resolutions discussed in the Toronto Conference is one permitting women to occupy places in the church courts. The whole discussion was fairly well summed up by Rev. C. O. Johnston, who said that "there was no sex in Christianity, in spirituality, in justice or in purity. This was not a physical conference. They were not there on account of their size. It was a spiritual and mental conference. The fact that the women were not asking for admission to the Conference was a proof of their modesty, but because they did not ask their rights should not be withheld. The Church had already conceded the principle, and now it must adopt the practice and say to the women 'Come and sit in the highest courts with us for God and humanity.'"

There is something to the following effect. "Let your women keep silence in the churches." This probably meant the church courts or conferences, whichever they called them in the old days—probably neither; but aside from this point, which seems to have been regarded as unimportant, the contention "that there is no sex in Christianity, in spirituality, in justice or in purity," would apply to several other things. There is no sex in law, in medicine, and though women have been admitted into these professions they have not been a distinguished success. The general displacement of so many men in business pursuits is not generally regarded as fortunate. The admission of women to the bar has not resulted in the appointment of female judges or of women jurors, and it is to be hoped never will. The charmingly emotional nature of a woman, it seems to me, unfits her for a judicial position; and unless we hope that the New Woman who is being developed by these enlarged spheres of her activity will be deprived of much of that which men mostly admire in her sex, it must be contended that church as well as other courts would be better without her. The argument that churches are mostly maintained by women does not prove that they would be more attractive either to men or women if they became dominant in their management. The fact that masculinity has been so largely eliminated from the preaching and services of the Church, by the superiority in numbers of women in each organization, may partially account for the general complaint of the comparative absence of men from religious meetings. It must also be remembered that the women of the churches have organizations of their own, always energetically but not always wisely conducted.

The management of charitable institutions by women is often open to criticism, and though they are exceedingly helpful—absolutely necessary—in carrying out works of mercy, the managerial part of their nature is certainly not as well developed as the sympathetic. On hospital boards, for instance, where the work necessarily involves strict discipline and the least possible interference, they have seldom proved the success that was predicted. I am one of the old-fashioned sort that believes that woman has her sphere, and that it is not, except in matters relating purely to women and children, in the position of either a judge or a juror.

COMPLAINT was made at the Toronto Methodist Conference of the dearth of young men for the ministry. Rev. Dr. Henderson made reference to a call from the West for forty-seven probationers, and Rev. Dr. Langford rose to say that it was unfair that the West should ask for so many young men when the Toronto Conference itself was suffering for want of young men. He pointed out that the great difficulty the Stationing Committee were at present facing was that of supplying the churches in the newer districts of Ontario with young men. A number of charges had been forced to take married men and still there was need of several to fill the charges.

The difficulty in which the Methodist Church finds itself is not peculiar to that body alone. Complaint has frequently been heard from theological schools that fewer young men of a desirable sort are now offering themselves for the ministry than formerly. Other callings, with the opportunities they present of attaining wealth and fame, and the Church in the competition for ambitious and successful men, although there is no profession in which the rewards are so sure or more pleasant than those of the clerical calling. The disturbed and anomalous position of the whole Christian Church in trying to adjust itself to new conditions of society and of human knowledge, has doubtless much to do with the indifference of young men. The best minds are less willing than formerly to bind themselves to a hard and fast theology, for the world has moved more rapidly than the churches have been able or willing to revise their creeds. But the particular difficulty complained of by the Rev. Dr. Langford is that there are not enough young men for the weak stations which are unable to support married men. Why should there be any such difficulty if the churches were willing to meet one

another in a brotherly spirit and arrange some plan of co-operation in the newer districts, in place of the harmful and wasteful competition that now obtains? There are hundreds of small places, not only in New Ontario, where the pinch has been chiefly felt, but in Old Ontario as well, where two or three branches of the Church have planted themselves and are hanging on in the hope of taking root, although the soil is not sufficient to decently nourish more than one congregation. If this state of affairs were altered it would not be necessary to send single men or none to these outposts of Christianity. The young preacher could get married and become the head of a family without feeling that he was handicapping not only himself and his charge, but endangering the work itself. Any system which puts a premium upon a man's remaining single is a bad system for the man and for the country. Of all men the young minister, going in and out amongst all sorts and conditions of people in a newly settled region, should be married and have the aims and interests of a married man.

While on a recent visit to the Canadian North-West, I had many opportunities of observing the competition between churches in small prairie and mountain villages. No matter how small the place or how isolated, nearly every settlement had two or three or four churches. Take the village of Banff in the National Park, for instance. Its population is about 220; it has an Anglican, a Methodist, a Presbyterian and a Catholic church; there is no neighboring population to assist in maintaining them, the tourist season alone being the only unusual period of activity, and that lasts for about three months. On enquiry I found that there were two Catholics resident in the village, yet they have a church, seldom open, it is true, but representing a tax upon the resources of people who pay liberally for religious purposes. The Methodists and Presbyterians hold service alternately in their churches, the same congrega-

pose of running privileges for the Intercolonial Railway if it is to become a Mackenzie and Mann road and thus pass into the control of the aggressive and irrepressible "Jim" Hill.

THE departure from Canada of the Governor-General, the Premier of the Dominion, the Premiers of the provinces, six hundred soldiery, and many prominent men for the Coronation, seems very much like one of those mediaeval processions where the overlord and the squire and the men-at-arms set forth from the feudal duchy to hail the coming to the throne of a new king. It would be almost ridiculous in its extravagant demonstration of loyalty were it not that so many important questions are to be discussed at the Coronation Conference. Even remembering this phase of the episode, I cannot reconcile my somewhat democratic belief to the sending of six hundred men in the helmets, the doublets and the small clothes of military magnificence to parade in London, after so many Canadians have recently demonstrated their valor and loyalty on the battlefields of South Africa. However, passing over this peculiarity of the sailing away of our head men and their henchmen, which was no doubt done by request of the Home authorities, I would like to suggest a use to which our soldiers could be put while in the capital of the Empire. Colonel Pellatt and his men while not otherwise busy should march on that institution known as the Canada Club in London, and suppress it. That is their particular mission if they have any except to lend grandeur, as they undoubtedly will, to perhaps the most magnificent pageant of modern times. This Canada Club apparently has no connection with Canada, except that an official from the office of the High Commissioner in London is regarded as the secretary. As a recent despatch to the "Globe" said, "The report of their recent banquet showed those in at-

but if after the people having voted \$133,500 in order that new buildings might be provided this year, the Fair is obliged to open in grounds torn up and in buildings unfinished or partly demolished, someone should be brought to book. There is even yet time to get the work done if a determined effort is made, but in matters of this sort the people have given up looking for anything but determined procrastination. In the matter of the Public school estimates, the Council, at Mayor Howland's bidding, is fighting a legal battle in which it is certain to lose and the only result of which can be to saddle heavy costs upon the city. The School Board, though undoubtedly within its rights in seeking to collect the full amount of its estimates, has shown little disposition to be reasonable, and its action in closing up one of the schools in order to force the Council's hand, was melodramatic, probably unnecessary, and puts the Board in the wrong. All of which goes to show how fearfully we are misgoverned.

NOW that the Boards of Trade Conference is a thing of the past, it is interesting to look back over the work of this remarkable gathering. That it was a success in bringing together representatives of the mercantile interests of almost every section of the Dominion and in eliciting a free expression of opinion on some of the big questions pressing for consideration and settlement, is undeniable. The debates were carried on in an admirable spirit of toleration, and with great terseness and animation. There was none of the wearisome wordiness characteristic of Parliamentary discussion, and yet the conference gave scope for the expression of many shades of opinion, and in the end the views of the speakers had been as forcibly and fully presented as they could have been had three weeks instead of three days been consumed. Mr. A. E. Ames, as presiding officer, made a record and a name for himself in a sphere not entirely new to him, yet in which he was not supposed to be a specialist. If Mr. Ames were in Parliament he would assuredly dignify the Speaker's chair. His tact and firmness, combined with good nature and brevity in stating his rulings, contributed immensely to the success of the convention in covering such a large field of discussion in so brief a time.

The principal resolutions adopted, some without discussion and unanimously, others after considerable debate and upon division, were to the following effect:

That the postage on British newspapers and periodicals addressed to Canada be lowered to the domestic rate, as has been done in the case of letters.

That Great Britain can best serve the interests of the Empire by giving colonial products a preference over foreign products, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier urge at the Imperial Conference the appointment of a Royal Commission, composed of representatives from Great Britain and the colonies, to investigate and suggest such preferential treatment as will insure the fullest benefits.

That the British import duty on agricultural produce be arranged so that a preference be given to imports from the colonies.

Side by side with these resolutions may be placed the one on Imperial defence, passed at a later stage of the proceedings, but intimately related to the question of preferential trade: "That in the opinion of this conference it is the duty of this Dominion, as an important division of the Empire, to share in the cost of the defence of said Empire, and therefore that an annual appropriation should be provided in the Dominion budget for this purpose, to be expended as the Dominion Government may direct."

That Canada should retaliate on all countries maintaining hostile tariffs against the Dominion.

That to encourage the importation of British goods via Canadian ports the preferential rebate of 33 1/3 per cent. be limited to 25 per cent. on all goods shipped by way of United States ports.

That the Premier be urged to negotiate for the removal of the British embargo on the importation of Canadian live cattle.

That a Canadian depot of exhibition, presided over by business experts, superintended by a man of comprehensive knowledge of Canadian products, be established in London.

That the policy adopted in regard to a State-owned cable from Canada to Australia be extended to give a complete line of British cables round the world.

That the Premier and his colleagues take up with the Law-officers of the Crown in England the right of Canada to make its own laws on the subject of copyright, without which its rights as a self-governing colony are incomplete.

That in order to develop the mineral resources of the Dominion, the usual subsidies both from the Dominion and the respective Provincial Governments should be granted to mineral colonization railways.

That a properly constituted railway commission should be created, with power to deal with any questions affecting the relations of all common carriers to the people.

That the canals between Montreal and Lake Erie and the channel between Montreal and the seaboard should be deepened.

That Government assistance to the shipbuilding industry is much needed and would be of benefit to the country at large.

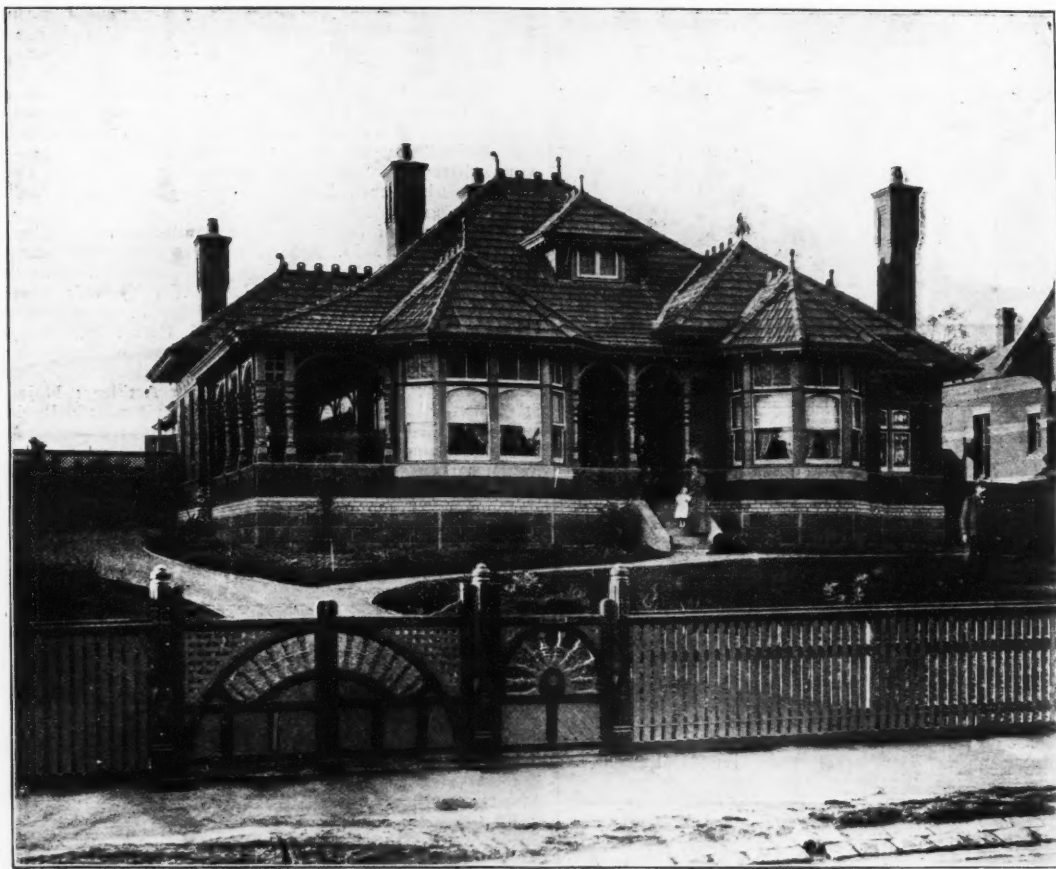
That the Dominion should enact an insolvency law after conferring with the provinces.

That the Federal Government should grant all necessary assistance towards the building up and proper equipment of Canadian national ports.

That the representatives at the Colonial Conference bring up the question of discriminatory marine insurance rates against the St. Lawrence route.

That the adoption of the metric system would benefit Canadian trade and industry.

Here is a pretty big programme, but perhaps not as formidable as it looks. Some of the resolutions manifestly affirm only an ideal or principle which it is desirable to keep in view, though not immediately within reach. Many of them have to do with matters outside of Canadian jurisdiction and with which the Imperial authorities must deal, or upon which joint action of the self-governing portions of the Empire is alone possible. On such matters as Imperial newspaper postage, preferential treatment of the agricultural exports of the colonies, the removal of the cattle embargo, the copyright question, the British Government and people have the final word. But that is no reason why Canada should not urge her opinions in the very strongest terms. On the contrary, it affords the best reason why we should lose no opportunity of influencing the mind of the British public and British public men. The resolutions of the Boards of Trade Conference are therefore perfectly in order, although these matters are outside the range of Canadian legislation. The cable question is one that must be dealt with jointly by the several Governments of the Empire. On the other hand, reciprocity in tariffs, the building up of Canadian shipping and Canadian ports, the establishing of a permanent Canadian exhibition in London, the subsidizing of mineral railways, the creation of a railway commission, the adoption of the metric system—these and several other matters dealt with in the re-



A CANADIAN'S VILLA IN AUSTRALIA.

(See p. 2.)

tion going to both. The Anglicans are building an architecturally beautiful and financially expensive little edifice, which is only partially completed, the front being unbuilt and boarded up so that the church can be used. Every wealthy tourist is shown this unfinished church and either directly or indirectly invited to contribute to its completion. The tourist may never be in Banff again, but generally can be relied upon for from twenty-five to a hundred dollars. If anything justifies the use of the word "parasite," applied the other day by an Anglican clergyman of Ottawa to another denomination, it would seem to me to be this method of church building—a method which in Canada, it is to the credit of the Church of England, is seldom practiced, except by those over-zealous clergymen who go to England and beg money for the completion and sustenance of their individual churches. Those who minister to the wants of such churches as those in Banff are of course miserably paid, mostly out of mission funds. One earnest and well-paid pastor could be supported by the village, and would do much more good than the dispersed and travel-worn men who ride long distances to speak to small congregations at starvation wages. It does not seem to me material, either in the East or the West, whether the world-wide world being pursued the Methodist, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Congregational or the Catholic trail towards the gate of heaven, so long as he can be persuaded to walk therein; and if this view of it were taken there would be fewer hard words between competitive religious denominations, and more kind things said in the pulpits.

THE suspicion that the Great Northern Railway, controlled by James J. Hill, and the Canadian Northern Railway, controlled by Mackenzie and Mann, are really parts of the same great scheme, appears to be growing into a certainty. A despatch from Winnipeg says that "A party of Great Northern Railway engineers is now at St. Vincent laying out a route for a track to connect the Great Northern St. Vincent line with the Canadian Northern at Emerson." While on a recent trip through the West I heard much of the suspected connection between the two railway systems. Several leading men were not slow to assert that there was a great originating mind behind Mackenzie and Mann, who, clever as they are in railway construction, have neither the experience nor the range of enterprise to undertake such a great scheme as a trans-continental line. That they are friendly with "Jim" Hill and are working together is admitted, and if we are looking for a mind that can originate and carry out great enterprises, Hill's answers to the description. Just what effect his influence will have in the management of the Canadian section no one can guess, but it seems to me unlikely to be bad, but his force is so great that he controls everything he is in, and the Canadian Government cannot afford to guarantee the bonds of the Canada Atlantic for the pur-

tenance were neither Canadians in fact nor in sentiment." The Right Honorable Mr. Pirrie, M.P. for an Ulster constituency, was the leading speaker of the evening; and as he is one of the principal stockholders of the great Belfast shipping yard, he monopolized so large a place at the annual banquet in defending the Morganizing of the trans-Atlantic shipping interests, that he aroused even the dull perceptions as to Canada of all the great London dailies. The newspapers were astounded that this North of Ireland shipping magnate should have a place at a Canada Club banquet to explain why he had joined hands with Morgan. As one of the great London dailies put it, "with the clink of American gold in his pocket," Mr. Pirrie undertook at the so-called Canada Club to make his defence for this wholesale sacrifice of Imperial interests. Worse still, there was no one at the banquet to rise up and denounce Mr. Pirrie or the Morgan outfit for their attempted coercion of Canada and the damage that they are doing to our immigration interests. That this firm has agreed with Morgan not to build ships for the period of ten years for other than the Morgan interest, seemed to pass with those at the banquet as neither an extraordinary nor an improper compact. And this, too, at a "Canada Club"! Surely it would be in Canada's interest for our Coronation contingent to make a demonstration showing that everything which bears the name of Canada is not Canadian.

THE old-fashioned barn-raising as a man-slayer "can't be beat." The list of fatal accidents reported this summer at "raisings" is a long one, and it is growing. Those who have ever lived in the country and attended a raising do not need to be told how it happens. The neighbors for miles around come to help a farmer who has decided that he needs a new barn. The men choose sides and there is a race to get up the bents. The inevitable result is haste and carelessness. Some part of the structure gives way, because improperly secured, and falls, crushing out the life of some poor fellow and perchance maiming others. Then the jollity that reigns at every sort of "bee" in the country is turned to mourning. All these accidents are due to the foolish practice of choosing sides and racing. It is a good thing for neighbors in the country to lend one another a hand in the larger operations of farming, but the barn-raising as at present almost universally conducted is a menace to useful lives.

WITH good prospects of a bungle in the new Exhibition buildings and with a deadlock between the Council and the Public School Board over the estimates, the people of Toronto are not in a position to congratulate themselves on the way in which the city's business is managed. At the Exhibition grounds it is the old story of the City Hall and the St. Lawrence market over again. The worst of it is that the responsibility cannot be fixed.

solutions adopted by the conference are all details of domestic policy.

On the majority of the resolutions there was a surprising unanimity. The question of contributing to Imperial defence alone developed a marked cleavage of opinion and gave rise to prolonged debate. So numerous and diverse were the views of the delegates that only by a species of closure, limiting the speeches in the latter end of the discussion to three minutes, was a division brought about. And even then, the resolution favoring an annual appropriation to be expended by the Dominion authorities was only carried by the narrow margin of ten. The diversity of opinion on this question is not surprising, but there is no reason why the resolution should not have been unanimously carried, for it only affirms as a principle what is actually the practice at present, the annual militia vote being in reality an appropriation for Imperial defence, and being also entirely expended under Canadian direction. But the advocates of the resolution had something further than this in mind. With public opinion so divided as it would seem to be from the voice of the delegates, it is evident that in this matter the cautious course of the Laurier Administration has been much more representative of average Canadian feeling than the panicky policy of the more extreme Imperialists, who would have pledged Canada to some stipulated annual contribution to a central defence fund. The wise and safe course would seem to be to relieve the British tax-payer as far as possible and as soon as possible of the burden of colonial defence. To that course every self-respecting Canadian will not hesitate to subscribe.



At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the marriage of Miss Ada Hilda Richardson and Doctor J. Franklin Dawson was celebrated before a church full of the invited friends of the bride and groom and many others who took an interest in such a pretty event. For it was a dainty and attractive bride indeed who was led to the altar by Dr. Torrington, who acted as "father" to the bride and gave her away, Miss Richardson having no relatives in this country. Dr. Dawson's best man was Mr. George Ashworth, and Dr. Bowie and Mr. James McKenny were ushers. Miss Dawson, in pale blue, with bouquet of Marechal Niel roses, attended her sister-in-law-elect, and Miss Nora Moon and Miss Edith Jolliffe were two young and pretty bridesmaids in white frocks, carrying baskets of pink and white flowers. Miss Richardson's bridal gown was of white chiffon, beautifully applique with shirred white bebe ribbons over tulle, and her veil was of tulle, and a crown of lily of the valley was worn. Miss Richardson is graceful and rather tall, with very pretty fair hair, and her simple and perfectly fitting robe became her to a nicety. She carried white roses and wore pearls and diamonds. Rev. Arthur Baldwin performed the ceremony, which was choral, and the surpliced choir, with Mr. Fairclough at the organ, did their part excellently. During the signing of the register Miss Eileen Millett sang a very sweet and touching bridal prayer, which was much appreciated by the waiting congregation. A few friends followed the bride and groom to their new home, 404 Spadina avenue, where an informal reception was held. Dr. and Mrs. Dawson left on the afternoon train for New York, the bride going away in a smart traveling costume of grey cloth and a toque to match.

On Wednesday Mrs. Campbell of Carleton Place gave a very pleasant garden party which was attended by a number of friends, and the invitations were also extended to the clergy attending the Synod, several of whom were to be seen enjoying the hospitalities of one of Toronto's handsome homes. The Queen's Park is rapidly being filled up in the neighborhood of Carleton with wonderful fine houses, but the solid old white brick mansion sits serenely in the shade of its great trees and surrounded by lawn space to isolate it from its neighbors enough to give it quite a sylvan charm. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Leighton McCarthy and Miss Campbell received out of doors, and the usual refreshments were served "à la fresco." Some of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Miss Elsie Banks, Sir Thomas and Lady Taylor, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Rev. Mr. Welch, sr., who is out from England on a visit to his son, the Canon, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. Lapham, who is visiting her parents; Dr. and Mrs. Albert Ham and their guest, Mr. J. Knighton Chase; Mrs. Beecher and Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Frank Darling, Dr. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Yarker, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney of Rohallion, Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. H. S. Strachy, Mrs. Mowat, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glen-edyth.

Mrs. Larratt Smith is giving a tea at Summerhill this afternoon. Mrs. H. H. Cook is also giving a large tea at Ardaraich, Dowling avenue, in commemoration of the landing of the U. E. Loyalists at Adolphustown, June 1784. If any one is wishful of attending both of these teas they will have to spend most of the time on the way, as Dr. Larratt Smith's beautiful rustic home is in the neighborhood of the Reservoir and Mr. Cook's at the foot of a remote avenue in Parkdale.

The principal of St. Margaret's and Mr. Dickson had a garden party yesterday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock in honor of the Moderator and Commissioners of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. On Monday, June 23, the same hospitable hosts will give an evening reception at St. Margaret's from 8 to 11 o'clock, and on the next afternoon at 3. The presentation of prizes takes place in the College Hall.

Yesterday afternoon the lady principals of Westbourne School gave an At Home from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock at the school, 340 Bloor street west. The progress of Westbourne School is quite unique.

Mrs. Henry Helm of Prospect House, Port Hope, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. Percy Vivien at their pretty home in Barrie.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright is convalescing from an attack of appendicitis, at the Arlington, Cobourg. Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright will go shortly to Nova Scotia, where the professor is to pursue some interesting scientific researches.

The engagement of Miss Doreen Dent, daughter of Colonel Dent of Yorkshire, England, and Mr. Reginald Brock of the Queen's Park is announced.

Little Misses Ethel and Helen ("Wee-Wee") Strickland, daughters of Mr. Harry Strickland, held their annual birthday party at 4 Kew Beach on Wednesday evening. Six and eight years ago last Wednesday the stork left the little maids in town. The guests who celebrated the dual anniversary were Misses Clare Denison, Marjory and Mary Kirkpatrick, Gladys Dixon, Marjorie Lloyd, Irene Dennis, Elsie Featherstonhaugh, and Masters Peter and Gordon Lumsden, George Kirkpatrick, Beryl Reed and Goldie Kirkpatrick.

Presentation of Colors.

Daughters of Empire Journey to Quebec to Present Departing Coronation Contingent With a Flag.

ON last Thursday evening, June 13th, a party of ladies, the officers of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, set out for Quebec, carrying with them the colors presented by the Order to the Coronation contingent, which were to be delivered to Colonel Pellatt by Mrs. Nordheimer, president of the Order, after the inspection by General O'Grady-Haly, G.O.C. of the troops selected for the honor of attending the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh in London. Mr. William Mackenzie had placed his private car at the disposal of the ladies, and their departure was witnessed by a party of friends, most of whom would gladly have joined them. Everything was most generously arranged for the comfort of the travelers and in due time they arrived at Quebec, where they were entertained at five o'clock tea by Colonel Evanturel at the headquarters and welcomed by everyone with great cordiality. The presentation took place on the Esplanade before the camp, and was most gracefully made by Mrs. Nordheimer, who was admired by everyone for her gentle and refined manner and her very attractive personal appearance. She wore a very handsome white gown and bonnet to match. The contingent formed a hollow square within which the ladies were grouped. Mrs. John Bruce held the colors, while Mrs. Nordheimer delivered the following neat little presentation speech:

"Colonel Pellatt, officers and men of the Coronation Contingent.—I have the greatest pleasure in presenting to you this flag in the name of the Canadian National Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. It will serve as an emblem for this contingent and as a mark of the high esteem in which you, as representing the militia and volunteers of Canada, are held by your countrymen. It bears, as you see, the revered flag of the Empire, the 'Union Jack,' while close to it is one of the emblems of Canada, dear to us all, the 'Maple Leaf.' You have the honor of representing the militia and volunteers of Canada at the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII., and we hope you will convey to His Most Gracious Majesty the assurance of the deep loyalty and devotion of the women and children of this Order to the Throne. I will now wish you one and all a very happy visit to old England, feeling assured that each visit interchanged between the Mother Land and her colonies strengthens the tie of deep love which firmly binds these great countries to each other."

Colonel Pellatt accepted the flag with the following apt acknowledgment: "I thank you, ladies, on behalf of the



A Halt in Lower Canada.

officers and men of the contingent, for the very handsome flag you have presented to us. I think it a beautiful idea that the ladies of Canada should send away her soldiers to the Coronation with their colors to the front, and that the sons of Canada should parade in England under the flag of the Daughters of the Empire. We shall not forget in London to point with pride and pleasure to this emblem of our loyalty and tell our hosts over there that our mission to the King's Coronation is from the ladies as well as from the Government of Canada."

With three cheers for the King, the contingent re-formed in line, and headed by the Q.O.R. bugle band, marched back to their camp at Levis, where by all accounts they had had a damp and cheerless time of it during the preceding week. The ladies were invited to dinner at the Chateau Frontenac the same evening by Colonel Pellatt, where the officers of the contingent, in handsome mess uniforms, and our Toronto women in their smartest frocks, met Colonel and Madame Evanturel, Mrs. Benyon, wife of Colonel Benyon, and a few others. The banquet was set for fifty guests and the table was simply lovely, done in the most ethereal apple blossoms and scores of small flags. Mrs. Pellatt wore a superb white gown, with the modish touches of black so much in favor. The Toronto guests were: Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer of Glen-edyth, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. H. S. Strachy, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. A. E. R. Land, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Constance Bouton, and Miss Mabel Helliwell. The ladies enjoyed the affair greatly and it will long be a brilliant memory to all who were present. The various staming uniforms of the officers, the many smart and pretty women, the beautiful flowers, the handsome room and the perfect service, combined to achieve for Colonel Pellatt's hospitality a unique success. On Satur-



Mrs. Nordheimer addressing Colonel Pellatt.

day morning the ladies drove about to places of interest and boarded their fine car to return to Toronto about 1 p.m., and reached here safely on Sunday morning.

Several good speeches were made at the dinner on Friday evening, Colonel Pellatt being particularly happy in his remarks upon the Imperial Order as follows: "A word of appreciation for the general object of this excellent society will not be out of place. In Canada we are rapidly developing a patriotism as broad as the Empire and as deep, let us hope, as the seas over which Britannia rules. For the women of our country to encourage this sentiment is indeed a noble task. For them to send us to the wars with brave but aching hearts, and to great and historic ceremonies, such as this Coronation, with joy and Godspeed, will aid each man in the latter as in the former case to do his duty. To us is entrusted that pearl beyond price—our country's reputation, higher now than ever since the brave deeds of our comrades in South Africa, and our best efforts will be put forth to keep it safe and bright, so that the men of Canada,

and her patriotic daughters too, may be proud of their representatives in peace as in war. I know that I may speak also for every member of the contingent, officers and men alike, in expressing not only our appreciation, but also our most sincere gratitude to you, for the trouble to which you have put yourselves, and for the compliment and honor shown to our Canadian soldiers—for we, of course, recognize that it is in our representative capacity that you are thus honoring the contingent. In the name, then, of the militia of Canada, whom this contingent is to represent at

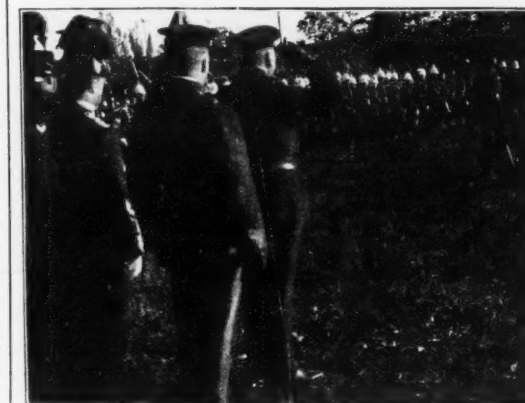


Lieutenant Alice Mackenzie, 48th Highlanders, and part of the square.

the coming celebration, I beg to express to the Daughters of the Empire our most grateful acknowledgment and thanks."

I am told that Colonel Turner, V.C., who was with Major Forester in South Africa, and experienced many kindnesses there at his hands, has been in his turn most thoughtful and generous in kindness to Major Forester, who is, I hear, his cabin mate in a very nice cabin, by Colonel Turner's special arrangement. As Major Forester left here in the first grief at the loss of his wife, this comradeship and consideration will be specially appreciated. "In Africa," said the V.C., "Forester was good to me—would share his meagre ration or his last smoke, and I'm glad things have turned about that I may show him I don't forget his generosity over there."

The officers of the Coronation contingent are: Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Pellatt, commandant; Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Thompson, 37th Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. W. Turner, V.C., D.S.O., Queen's Own Royal Canadian Hussars; Surgeon-Major E. Fiset, Army Medical Corps; Surgeon-Major M. C. Curry, 66th Regiment; Major W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Major J. A. Northrup, King's Canadian Hussars; Major H. A. Panet, adjutant, Royal Canadian Artillery; Major Stephens, 3rd Field Battery; Major Davison, 4th Regiment Prince Edward Island Garrison Artillery; Major Cronin, 7th Regiment Fusiliers, London; Major Mackie, 42nd Regiment; Captain J. A. Benyon, Royal Canadian Artillery; Captain Courtney, Strathearn's Horse; Captain P. H. Rumay, Canadian Mounted Rifles; Inspector Cartwright, North-West Mounted Police; Captain Laliberte, 1st Field Battery; Captain Morris, D.S.O., 2nd Field Battery; Captain Martin, 5th Regiment British Columbia



General O'Grady-Haly receiving the Salute during the March Past.

Garrison Artillery; Captain F. A. Howard, North-West Mounted Police; Captain Fraser, 53rd Regiment; Captain Dunlop, 42nd Regiment; Lieutenant H. E. Emmerson, 8th Hussars; Lieutenant A. W. Mackenzie, 48th Highlanders; Lieutenant Lemieux, 6th Regiment. Some of their fellow passengers on the "Parisian" are Mr. Beardmore of Chulleigh, Mrs. Clare FitzGibbon, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris of Earncliffe, Ottawa. The vice-regal party, including His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, Lady Ruby Elliot, and Mr. Sladen, private secretary, are also on the "Parisian." Captain Lethbridge of Halifax, Mr. Lansing Lewis of Montreal, Miss Grace Lowrie of Quebec, Judge Macdonald, Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Peters of Charlottetown, Dr. George Parkin, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Nelles of Montreal, Hon. George and Mrs. Murray of Halifax, Hon. J. L. and Mrs. Tweedie of Fredericton, and the gentlemen of the Westminster Abbey choir are also on the passenger list.

A Canadian's Villa in Australia.

The cut on the front page represents the villa of Mr. J. T. Turton, secretary-treasurer of the Massey-Harris Company in Australia. It is situated on the Riverside road in one of the prettiest suburbs of the city of Melbourne, overlooking the valley of the Upper Yarra. The photograph was sent to "Saturday Night" by Mr. J. S. Larke, Canadian Trade Commissioner to Australia.

The Best She Could Do.

"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife." "What is that?" she asked. "I have always been half afraid you might refuse." "Well," she whispered, after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."

"Uncle William, are you troubled about the hereafter?" "No, sir; it's de wharf'er er de herein what keeps me guessin'!"—Atlanta "Constitution."

Statesmen think of the next generation: politicians of the next election.—"Judge."



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Social and Personal.

Last week began the summer garden parties which are always sprinkled through the dull months of the warm weather, not that warm weather has as yet been vouchsafed to us, for in the middle of June we are wearing fur collars and flannels in great comfort. However, on the afternoon on which Mrs. Morris and Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Coolmine invited friends to tea it was a sort of half and half day, neither cold nor sunshine prevailing, and a certain risk being felt by the most optimistic in setting a tea-table "en plein air." The fates were kind, and the tea passed off with a good deal of success, a large party of ladies and gentlemen being on hand at five o'clock. The hostesses, grandmother and grand-daughter, received in the drawing-room, and each party of guests was soon back upon the lawn to make way for later comers. There was ping-pong under the spreading trees, and here and there were laid rugs and set tete-a-tete chairs and rustic benches, where good friends might enjoy a cosy chat. Mr. Kirkpatrick and his sons, Alexis and Goldwin, with the pretty daughter-in-law, were most attentive to all the guests, for the old spirit of hospitality is strong at Coolmine and everyone feels well taken care of. The tea-table was quite pretty with lilacs, irises and ferns, and the lavender flower-tint was carried out in the icings and bonbons. A few of the guests were Lady Kirkpatrick of Cloosburn, Mrs. John Ridout, Mrs. John Carruthers, Mrs. Sloane, Mrs. George Denison, Jr., Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. Raikes of Buffalo, who is her guest; Dr. and Mrs. Natness, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Foster of Elmscourt, Mrs. Chris Baines, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Jack Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Grant Ridout, Colonel Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Angus Macdonell, Mrs. S. S. McDonnell, Mr. Charles Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, and a great many young folks.

On Saturday a charming day was vouchsafed to the Argonauts for their first summer At Home, and although, owing to the wise supervision of the committee, with the doubled price of tickets and the rule of no money being taken at the entrance, the crowd was not of its usual dimensions, I heard no regrets, for not only was it a much nicer crowd, but the dancing was pleasant and possible, instead of being, as usual, a survival of the fittest. There were not many "not-outs," and the usual delegations of school-girls were not as large as usual. There were only half a dozen chaperones, and both the wife of the president and of the vice-president were absent. Mr. Galt is in South Africa, and Major Greville-Harston reported Mrs. Greville-Harston's unfortunate indisposition. The result of the races gave the victory to a very good four, stroked by Mr. A. G. Ridout. During the afternoon the Henley eight rowed out, but found the water rather choppy, and went clipping up to the "cut," followed by the long-pieces and praises of several hundred fur creatures who await their showing in England with great anxiety. At the eighth dance the usual presentation of medals to the winning four and pins to Mr. Dudley Oliver's crew, who were second, was made. Mrs. A. E. Denison being asked, in the absence of Mrs. Greville-Harston, to perform that pleasing duty. Captain Barker made a modest speech about the Henley crew, and then dancing was continued, "as long as you like," as the genial major announced. Among those at the At Home were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Orlando Heron, Mrs. A. Huyck Garrett, Mr. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bright, Mrs. and Miss

Coady, Mr. George Sears, Mrs. and Miss Mildred Stewart, Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Miss Stout, Miss Kemp, the Misses Cosby of Mapiehyrn, Miss Lowndes, Miss Flett, Miss Carter, Mr. Jack Read, Miss Beddoe, the Misses Birchall, Miss Florence and Miss Tottie McArthur, Miss Heilwell, the Misses Michie, Miss McWilliams, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hill, and the smart and jolly Argonaut men as cavaliers, with a few outsiders. The music was, for some reason, very far from perfect. Light refreshments were served in the gym, where one missed the usual adornments seen after by Mr. Heron, who has taken a good deal of trouble to decorate the bare precincts. But no one seemed to mind the absence of bunting and banners. In the assembly hall is now placed a neat brass tablet-shield, with a very nice inscription, in memory of the much-deplored oarsman, gallant Alec Boyd. It hangs above the mantel, where are grouped the club's trophies. The Argonaut eight left on Tuesday by the two o'clock boat for Niagara, and sailed on Wednesday by s.s. "Germanic." They are Messrs. Joe Wright, Postal Service; Don Mackenzie, Parliament buildings; Harry Duggan, Division Court; J. Mason, Home Loan Savings Company; E. W. Hamber, Dominion Bank; "Pud" Kent, Insurance agent; R. Parmenter, barrister; Percy Hardisty, agent mining company. George Doherty, Niagara Navigation, and George Strange, Bank of Commerce, are spare men, and Mr. Norman Bastardo of the Canada Life is the coxswain. The fifth man, who is a Winnipeg importation, and Hardisty is a nephew of the High Commissioner for Canada, Lord Strathcona.

Quite a large number of Toronto people attended the Galt Horse Show last week. It was a great success in every way. This, the second exhibition, was much larger than last year's. The grand stand was comfortably filled, principally by ladies, very well gowned. Handsome horses with glossy coats, swell turnouts and a good band made altogether a delightful affair. Some of those present were Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, who wore black. Mrs. Shearson, a Southern lady visiting Mrs. McCulloch, wore a handsome gown of pale gray silk, with a black hat. Miss Mary Davidson of Toronto was in cream. Miss Eby of Hamilton was in pale blue silk. Miss Goldie of Ayr wore an exceedingly handsome black dress. Miss Spotten of Toronto was her guest. Miss Clemens wore white organdie. Mrs. Barrie, black silk. In Mrs. C. Warnock's party were Miss Bowly of Berlin, in gray silk, and Mr. Joe Seagram's pretty fiancée, Miss McLachlan, of Guelph, in a blue cloth costume. Mrs. White of New York, who is visiting near Branchton, wore a stylish dark blue gown. Very attractive visitors from Guelph were the Misses Guthrie, one in a handsome green silk costume, white hat, with pearl ornaments, the other in a black net dress over white silk, with large black hat. The Misses Maude and Edna Savage of Guelph, who are the guests of Miss Enid Gourlay, wore black silk. Miss Gourlay wore a castor cloth, with blue satin vest. Mrs. Gourlay was in black silk. Miss Constance Spiers, mauve crepe de chine, touches of purple velvet. Miss Mary Girdlestone, white dress, black trimming, with a pretty white hat, trimmed with pink roses. Mrs. John Hogg wore pink figured silk, with cream lace trimming. Miss Wilks was in violet covert cloth, black hat and chiffon buff. Mrs. Young, fawn suit, brown trimming. Miss Lumsden, pale green crepe de chine. Mrs. Arthur Strong wore a blue cloth suit. Mrs. R. O. McCulloch looked exceeding well in cream, and the Misses Leslie, her two charming sisters, looked winsome in cream and white, with white breast-knots of pink carnations. Mrs. Moss Preston, wore castor cloth. Mrs. Harry Howell, black taffeta skirt, blue waist, with white feather boa. Mrs. Sheldon, black silk. Mrs. Gavin Goodall, black silk. Mrs. Alexander Goldie wore a striking gown of the new coronation color, with white silk and sequin trimming, and large tan hat, with black feathers. Mrs. Gibson, Berlin, was in gray. Mrs. Pearson, Berlin, black silk chiffon and white silk trimming. Miss Gibson wore a very pretty fawn and pink suit. Mrs. Shurly, black and Miss Shurly looked well in a black moire suit, with white trimming. Miss Ella Goldie looked charming in cream voile over pink silk, a harmonious contrast to Miss Goldie, who wore gray crepe de chine. Mrs. Fred Shurly had on a very becoming fawn suit, with cream lace insertion. Miss Crozier of Ayr wore pink. Mrs. George Clare of Preston wore a handsome gray toilet, with gray velvet and white satin trimming. Mrs. Simpson wore a seal brown cloth suit. Miss Laura Clare was a picture in her pretty gray crepe de chine dress, trimmed with white chiffon and white applique, and wearing a cream hat with pink roses. A very stylish gown was worn by Mrs. Greenhill of Windsor, a guest of the Misses Peck. It was of gray crepe de chine, with black lace flounce, over an accordion-pleated flounce of silk. The bodice was trimmed with black lace. The Misses Peck wore handsome gowns of pale blue and fawn. Mrs. Dietrich was in tan silk, trimmed with cream lace. Mrs. Lang looked particularly well in a yellow gown, with white silk trimming and touches of black. Miss Flo Jaffray and Miss Julia Jaffray wore pink. Mrs. Ferrah, pink silk organdie, white silk and black velvet ribbon trimming. Mrs. Briscoe was in gray crepe de chine, white silk trimming. Others present were Mr. E. Seagram, Mr. C. H. Foster, Toronto; Mr. W. L. Palmer, Montreal; Mr. Gerald Wade, Toronto; Mr. F. W. Armstrong, Toronto; Dr. Peters, Toronto; Mr. Robert Beth, M.P.; Mr. C. Head, Guelph; Mr. J. A. Parker, Toronto; Mr. James Murray, Toronto; Mr. G. J. Bilton, Toronto; Mr. W. S. Wismer, Brantford; Mr. and Mrs. H. Lockwood, Guelph; Mr. James Goldie, Ayr; Mr. S. B. Fuller, Woodstock; Mayor Adam Beck, M.P.P., London; Mr. Robert Graham, Claremont; Mr. N. G. Guthrie, Guelph.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was held in Holy Trinity Church on Thursday, June 5, when Miss Edith A. B. Clougher, only daughter of the late John Balfour Clougher, became the wife of E. Barnard Nettelfield, late of London, England. At two

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o'clock the doors opened to admit the bride party. Mrs. Clougher, the mother of the bride, in a handsome gray gown, accompanied by Mr. G. W. Warwick, reaching the front of the church as the bridal party entered. Miss Muriel Macdonald, the dainty bridesmaid and lifelong friend of the bride, was beautifully attired in a white silk crepe de chine, with tucked yoke and elbow sleeves of white chiffon, edged with old rose point, and wearing a pearl crescent, the gift of the groom. A large black hat and bouquet of pink carnations completed her costume. The fair bride was accompanied by Mr. D. J. McKinnon of Grimsby, who gave her away. She looked very sweet in a stylish tailor-made costume of blue cloth, beautifully adorned with white applique. A white hat of chrysanthemum straw, pale green satin and pearl ornaments, was most becoming. She carried a large shower bouquet of white roses. The church was flooded with sunshine, music and the perfume of lilac and carnation. Mr. A. R. Blackburn presided at the organ, heralding the bridal party with "Lohengrin's" music and accompanying their departure with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Loving hands had decorated the chancel, and a supplied choir led the choral service. Rev. John Pearson, D.D., performed the ceremony. Mr. James W. Barrie was groomsmen. About two hundred friends attended the service, among whom were Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Charles Macdonald, Mrs. C. E. Warwick, Mrs. Botnam, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Blackford, Mrs. A. R. Blackburn, Miss Amy Kavanagh (Ottawa), Miss Josephine Lundy (Sharon), Miss Green-shield, the Misses Evelyn and Doris Gordon, Rev. C. H. Rich, Rev. W. J. Brain, Mr. Crowley (Montreal), and Mr. Agar. Mr. and Mrs. Nettelfield upon their return will reside at 538 Ontario street, and Mrs. Nettelfield will receive on the fourth and fifth Mondays in June.

Miss Mabel Beddoe, formerly of Toronto, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Lash of Westmount, Montreal. Miss Beddoe has been studying voice culture under Albert Baker Cheney of Boston for the past two seasons, and while in Montreal sang a solo at the Sunday morning service of the Church of St. James the Apostle and at the evening service of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church.

Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant sailed on the "Manitoba" from Montreal on Wednesday for England. They will be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel sailed for New York by the "Lucania" on the 7th inst., and will spend the summer abroad.

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Wheat Marrow, for breakfast (serve what's left cold for supper)
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CHAPTER XVIII.

A Discovery.

Macaire was just in time, as it happened, to be of yeoman service, for the policeman, irritated that the other offenders had escaped, and not too kindly disposed towards a "bustling" vagabond with a mask, had opened the vials of his wrath when the millionaire sauntered up.

"Look here, bobby," said he in the harsh voice which ought some curious, occult reason seemed to have great power over the lower classes, "my name is Lionel Macaire. Perhaps you know it, and I give you my word that this young man is in no way to blame for what has happened. I saw the affair from the beginning, though unfortunately I was unable to interfere. One of these ruffians insulted a girl who was with him, singing, and this man defended her. Then all the others set upon him—five to one. He is a brave fellow, and would be praised instead of reprimanded."

The policeman was a reader of newspapers, and had known for years that the name of Lionel Macaire was financially one to conjure with. The millionaire had been pointed out to him also since the sensational affair at the Thespian Theater, and once having seen that frightful face it would be impossible to mistake it for another's.

Why a millionaire's word should be accepted more readily than a pauper's ought to be hard to explain; but such is human nature—even among policemen.

"All right, sir; if you say it's all right I suppose it is," this member of the force responded promptly. "I must do my duty, sir, that's all."

"Well, you have done it, and now it's over," said Macaire. At the same time he produced from his sovereign pocket two gold pieces; and though the man in blue honestly scorns bribes—in silver he was not able to resist an offer of more than a week's salary, "all in one go," merely for taking a gentleman's word.

"This is a little token that I appreciate your common sense and moderation," went on the millionaire; and then the two sovereigns changed hands. The policeman at that instant opportunely spying a motor-car which he thought might be going too fast, had the best of excuses for bestowing his presence where it was more needed; and with warning shouts of "Hi-hi!" to the oblivious motorist he went off at a run.

"Thank you, sir," said the masked minstrel, heavily, to Macaire. "You have saved me from a lot of bother, I'm sure." He spoke like a gentleman, but if he were English his accent suggested that he had lived for years out of his native country.

"On the contrary," returned the other in his most ingratiating manner, "it is for me to thank you for as pretty an exhibition of dash and skill as I've seen for some time. You can imagine that I don't refer entirely to your musical feats, though they were excellent, no doubt. But I'm no judge of music. I am, I flatter myself, a judge of most things in the athletic line, and if you'll allow me to say so, I wonder that you care to earn your living by your fingers when you might do it so much more effectively with your biceps and your fists."

The young man in the mask laughed frankly, and glanced down at his ruined banjo. "I did better work with this to-day than usual, perhaps," he said. "But it looks as if it had played its last tune. As for the talents you're good enough to think I possess, sir, I've tried to make use of them since I came to England, but the market for muscles is apparently overstocked. Indeed, I tried several things before I began making a professional use of my banjo; but I can't afford to despise it, as it's been the best friend in the money-making line I've found in this country."

"All the worse for the country, then," responded the millionaire, "I hope, though, you're not discouraged as to want to leave it and go back to your own—wherever that may be."

"I shan't leave it till I've done what I came to do," the young man answered, with a nonchalance which perhaps cloaked a deeper feeling. "Not if it takes me ten years."

"Oh, so you came to England with an object, eh?" enquired Macaire, in the good-natured way he could affect when he had a motive.

His motive now was to get this young athlete under his patronage, and match him against a certain champion who had gone about in swaggering defiance of rivals long enough. It was something to have his thoughts taken off his galling failure with Winifred Gray, and he was pleased to find himself feeling so keen an interest in an alien subject.

"Don't most men travel with an object?" retorted the man with the mask. "There'd be no incentive to a lazy fellow, else. And for fear I go back to a condition of laziness I must be off, sir—thank you again for what you did for me."

"Stop a bit," ejaculated Macaire. "I've something to suggest to you. As you say, few men—that is, few men of brains like yours and mine—do things without an object. Now, I had an object in interfering in your interest with my friend in blue. It wasn't entirely a selfish one, perhaps, though partially so, I admit, and I should like to have a talk with you about it if you're so inclined. It might turn out to be for our mutual advantage."

Again the young man laughed. "You can guess that I'm open to offers, sir, if it's anything of that sort you mean." "That's precisely what I do mean," announced the millionaire. "Look here, it's getting on towards one's dinner hour. Come with me. I'll get a private room, and we'll have a chop and a bottle of Burgundy together if you can spare the time."

"I've got more time than anything else just now," responded the masked

minstrel, lightly. "And I'm very much at your service."

They walked to the nearest good restaurant, forming a strange contrast; the tall young man with the black mask covering his face, the broken banjo in his hand; the stooped figure of the millionaire, with his hobbling limp and his scarred features.

There could hardly have been a more incongruous pair, and people they met turned to look after them. But Macaire either did not notice the attention he and his companion aroused, or was too independent of public opinion to care for it.

He was wondering whether the masked minstrel knew anything of him besides the name which he must have heard spoken when he had mentioned it to the policeman a few moments ago. He wondered whether the fellow was aware that he was walking beside one of the richest men in England—a man so rich that he could afford to do, say, look and wear exactly what he pleased.

Macaire hoped that the other did know all this, although, as he had apparently not long ago come to England, he might be in ignorance of his companion's importance. It would be awkward to call direct attention to it, especially as the millionaire was on his best behavior, endeavoring to appear a jolly, modest fellow, not too proud, despite his wealth and position, to hobnob with a nobody to whom he had happened to take a fancy.

Wishing to impress the minstrel in some quiet and unobtrusive way he took the best private room he could have, and though it was too early in the day for him to work up an appetite for dinner, instead of the chop and bottle of Burgundy he had suggested he ordered an elaborate feast, with plenty of champagne of his own favorite brand.

"Now," he remarked, when the hors d'oeuvres appeared, "now is the time when you must cease to hide your light under a bushel, and throw off the mask—that is, unless you merely intend to look on while I eat my dinner."

"To a man who hasn't dined, but only eaten food, for some time, that would be too cruel an aggravation," returned the minstrel. "It is nothing more nor less than morbid self-consciousness—vanity, if you will, sir—that tempted me to pick my banjo from behind a screen. I don't intend to trouble you with my antecedents, but people who were once dear to me would have been made unhappy if they could have known I was destined to get my living by 'bustling' at the seaside; and I suppose I'm idiot enough to be ashamed, in a way, of what I've been doing—though I'm ashamed of myself, too, for being ashamed. But, anyhow, here goes the mask."

It had been tied behind his head, and as he talked he had been fumbling awkwardly—as men's unaccustomed fingers do fumble—with the knot. But the strings yielded at last and the mask suddenly fell, to show a dark, handsome, clear-cut face, with lips parted in a rather shy, boyish smile over a row of strong, perfect white teeth.

The minstrel's laughing brown eyes met those of the millionaire; and Lionel Macaire's boasted self-control came into play as he restrained a start of surprise.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked, hiding all emotion. As well as he knew his own strange antecedents did he know when and where he had seen that dark face before; but he did not wish the other to guess himself of enough importance to have been definitely remembered.

"Yes," the young man answered without an instant's hesitation. "At least I have seen you, sir, and I recollect it the moment you came up to me this afternoon, though I didn't suppose you'd noticed me particularly that other time."

"Where was it?" asked Macaire, "and when, if you can recall that?"

"I have some reason for recalling it," replied Hope Newcome. "I had a big disappointment that night. I'd been at the Duke of Clarence's Theater with an introduction from an old friend of Mr. Anderson's, to him. I wanted a short engagement till I could get something else to do—merely as Charles the Wrestler in the production of 'As You Like It,' which was coming on. But, though I'm nearly six feet, Mr. Anderson has an inch or two the advantage of me, and thought it wouldn't do, I saw you coming out of the theater with him afterwards."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Macaire, as though suddenly enlightened. "Of course. How stupid of me. You were engaged—ha, ha!—in much the same occupation as I found you at to-day. A queer coincidence."

CHAPTER XIX.

Macaire's Proposition.

"You'll think me a very pugnacious person, sir," Hope Newton said, frowning slightly under the clear, sunburnt olive of his skin—that kind of sunburn which does not wear away with years, unless in mortal illness. He did not use the word "sir" in addressing the millionaire as if he were kowtowing to a superior, but as though he, a young man, adopted it out of respect to one many years his senior. Though he had been seen fighting at stage-doors, and playing the banjo on Brighton beach, he had the air of simply—unconsciously almost—taking it for granted that he was Macaire's equal. And Macaire saw this, and was grimly amused by it, considering certain differences between them.

"The shortest road to my regard, as far as that's concerned," responded Macaire, "is by being a 'pugnacious person,' as you call it. If I hadn't thought you one through our acquaintance to-day we shouldn't be dining together now. And what I've just learnt only raises you in my estimation. I believe now that I even heard you speak to my friend Anderson that

night, and I am usually rather quick to recognize voices. But yours sounded differently when you spoke through your mask. By the way, as it happens, that was rather an eventful night for me, too."

He could not have told why he should volunteer the admission; but he let it come because he did not see that acting upon impulse could in this instance do any harm. And somehow he found himself oddly drawn towards the young fellow. There was a certain fascination about his strong, virile personality, which was augmented by the knowledge that this was the man whom F. E. Z. had known, perhaps loved. Yet Macaire was far from sure whether the magnetic attraction he experienced was nearer to hate or affection. He only knew that he felt it, and desired to have a master hand over this young man's fate.

"I didn't know who you were that night, sir," Hope Newcome said. "But I remembered your face."

"That's because of my fatal beauty," he retorted, harshly. "I seldom find myself forgotten—even by a pretty woman. But I have more important things to talk of than personalities, and my ideas concerning you are in no way changed by the fact that we have met before. You tell me you wanted to play the wrestler on the stage. It has occurred to me that you might like to do so in good earnest, since that is your forte. Surely you haven't wasted those muscles of yours all your life? And as surely you've had training?"

"Oh, yes, I trained both as a wrestler and boxer," Newcome answered; "but I never intended to use the arts professionally. It was at a Western university in America where I first began to take a great interest in sport. I was in rather a sporting set, and I took the fancy of an old prize-fighter resting on his laurels, who lived in the town. He and a pal of his taught me everything I know, and they seemed to think me a decent sort of pupil."

"Then, a year before I finished my college course, family affairs took me away from home. I lived a very different sort of life after that, but I didn't forget what I'd learnt from Foezy O'Sullivan and his mate. I had a chance at a wrestling match with a big man among the amateurs—champion he was then, and I got the best from him. Two or three matches I had afterwards, but I kept the belt."

"Are you any good with the gloves, or don't you go in for anything but wrestling?" asked Macaire, his eyes dwelling with a queer, jealous, grudging admiration on the other's splendid shoulders, his arms, his wrists—visible under shabby sleeves too short for him—his strong brown hands that had done damage to-day.

"Oh, wrestling's been my specialty, but I believe I'm not a bad boxer," Newcome answered, with modest confidence in his own powers. "I think I could hold my own with most amateurs, though I'm a bit out of training."

"How would you like to go into training again, if you stood to make your fortune, eh?"

Newcome's dark eyes flashed. "I'd do anything that would keep me in England, and among the sort of men I must be among, if I'm to do what I came a good many thousand miles to do. And as for a fortune—well, I've got more than one use for money just now."

As he finished his face changed. No longer open, it became reserved. Though at first sight he seemed to have been exceedingly outspoken, even confidential, about his past and his present circumstances, after all he had told practically nothing; and despite his boyish frankness at times he looked like a man who could keep his own counsel, a man who would be strong enough, dogged enough to die for the keeping of a secret if need arose.

Macaire, however, did not now make these reflections regarding his companion's character. He thought of him as a connecting link with the past, through F. E. Z. (concerning whom he meant cautiously to put questions in time to come), and as a magnificent young animal to be trained for his uses, rather than as a thinking, feeling man with ambitions and hopes of his own. The millionaire was accustomed to make puppets of others who were handicapped in life as he by the lack of what he possessed in abundance; and one of his most extravagantly eccentric ideas was taking form in his brain for the future of his present companion.

By this time dinner was well under way. Here and there they had paused in their conversation for one course to go and another to come, lest the sub-

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ject should prove too interesting for a waiter's ears; and they had now passed by oysters, soup, and filleted sole.

"Very well, then," Macaire commented on the other's answer. "Then you're the man for me. And I rather think I'm the man for you, too. I'm rich—I suppose you've heard that of me, haven't you?"

"I've heard that there's a Mr. Lionel Macaire who's got millions. Are you that Macaire, sir?"

"I'm that Macaire. I like to amuse myself, and I can afford to pay for it; I do pay for it. I invite you to cater for my amusement, and I'm willing to pay a big price. If you consent, after I've explained, I don't mind giving you a sum down if you're so situated that money in hand would be a convenience—a sort of retaining fee, don't you know?"

"Thank you," said Newcome. "If I saw that I could earn the money, I don't deny that it would be a convenience."

"Good. There's just one thing, then, before I put my proposition and try to see if you and I can come to terms. Will you give me your word, if you accept, that the arrangement between us shall be entirely confidential—entirely, mind you? I haven't asked you to confide in me, and I don't know whether you're with friends or relatives, male or female. But when I say that I want our transactions to be private, between ourselves, I don't expect such relatives or friends."

"I understand you, sir. And if I accept it shall be as you say. I give you my word."

CHAPTER XX.

The Rest of the Bargain.

"How soon could you get into training for the biggest fight you ever had?" asked Macaire. "That is, everything being favorable."

"I could be ready in a fortnight, I'm sure," Newcome answered, after an instant's thought. "I haven't much superfluous flesh to work off, and I always go in for a certain amount of exercise every day, with the exception of a few when I slept on a seat on the Victoria Embankment. Without exercising each morning I feel as lost, somehow, as I do without my cold plunge. But as for a fight—"

"No 'buts' until you've heard me out," Macaire broke in. "My friends all know me for a sportsman, and I have few friends who are not sportsmen. Sometimes, to amuse them, I have a show in a big vault of a room under my house, and nobody outside is the wiser. Last spring I managed a pretty good glove fight—Joe Nash, known as Joey the Kid, and a mulatto, Bill Clay. They were both first-rate men. The Kid is the champion of his country, and since he dined Clay, who had a splendid record in the prize-ring in the States—"

"I've heard of him," said Newcome. "I thought you must have. Well, the Kid has gone swaggering about swearing there's no one who can touch him. He's getting tiresome, and I should like nothing better than to see you knock him out—stick him in a straitjacket and let me look on—for a purse, of say, two thousand pounds. It would be a very sporting thing for you to accept."

Hope Newcome flushed a little, and did not hurry in answering. He saw that the millionaire looked upon him as an animal, and valued him as a man may value a new hunter which he thinks of securing. Newcome felt that there were things in him of more worth than his muscles, and he liked not the proposal made by the millionaire. But only this morning he had told himself that he would do anything for a hundred pounds, even to committing a crime. Not for his own necessities, though he wanted money badly enough, but for another use upon which he had set his heart and soul. Now, here was the chance of earning much more than the sum he had thought of—a chance which a few hours ago had seemed as far away from him as the stars in heaven. It would be madness to think of letting it slip.

Macaire believed that he was hesitating in the hope of a larger bribe. That bribe he had meant to offer by and by; now, however, he proceeded to "spring" it at once.

"Two thousand pounds is the purse for which you would put on the gloves," he said. "But I'm rather a whimsical fellow. I like my jest with the world, which has played some hard tricks on me; and in this hour that you and I have had together an idea has come into my head concerning you. Two thousand pounds is a good enough purse, maybe, but it's not my friends; and I hinted to you that you might make your fortune. If you knock the Kid out you get the purse; but how would you like at the same time to blossom out as a rich young man about town, with a name and enough money to buy you a place in society? A place as good as mine, for instance?"

Macaire watched the dark face, but it changed very little. There was only a slight quivering of the lips for a second, which ended in a smile—not the sort of smile of emotion that the millionaire had expected to call up. He had looked for astonishment.

"The higher the place, the better I should like it," said Newcome, laughing. "But I don't see any ladder to begin the climb on at present."

"If you fight Joey the Kid, and lick him," returned Macaire, in the vernacular of his kind, "I'll provide the ladder. After the fight's over I shall introduce you to my friends as a sporting young pal of mine who did the thing for a lark. I shall give them the tip that you have come into a pile of money, and that you want to see something of London life. I've done pretty well for myself, and I'm in just the sort of set that I like; but there are people in English society who think themselves too good for me, in spite of my money. There are others who'll say black's white if I ask them to, because I've got what they want. You shall know both kinds. You must have a good name, of course—a title would be the best thing. But an English one couldn't be managed. I'm afraid. You'd have to put up with a foreign makeshift. What would you think of—let me see, Baron von Zellheim?"

Now, at least, Macaire had no need for disappointment, for the young man's face was red from chin to forehead. "How did you happen to think of that for a name?" he asked, quickly. "It came into my head," answered Macaire, "partly because there really

is such a title, which has lapsed, I believe, for lack of a man with the right to bear it; partly because it's not important enough to be doubted and disputed; and partly because of an association in my mind."

"Would you object to telling me what that association is?"

"Not at all. When you recalled to me the fact that I had seen you at the Duke of Clarence's theater one night some weeks ago I remembered that I then asked my friend Anderson who you were. Said he: 'That young man was sent to me with a letter of introduction from the once famous F. E. Z.' Well, I knew F. E. Z. slightly—a long time ago, when she was very young and I not much older. If she had been a man she would have been Baron von Zellheim. You knew her personally, I suppose? Did she ever mention that to you?"

"Yes. She spoke of her antecedents." "If she had married and had a son he would have been the Baron von Zellheim. But, as a matter of fact, I believe she never did marry. However, you may know better than I about that."

"No," remarked Newcome, coolly. "About her private life, until I had the privilege of meeting her, I knew very little." This time his expression told no more than his words.

"Well, you understand what I meant by the 'association,'" quietly explained Macaire. "Seeing you, and remembering what Anderson said, brought up the thought of the beautiful F. E. Z. So I recalled the title which is going begging—a good old German name, and nobody to dispute it, if you choose to keep your mouth shut. As the lady is your friend—"

"She is dead!" cut in the other. So George Anderson had notified Macaire after receiving the information from Newcome. But the millionaire affected surprise and regret. He still professed certainty, however, that she would gladly have lent the family title to her young friend if it could serve him.

"Why should it serve me?" asked Newcome.

"It would offer a foundation to begin upon, which, with the money I should put at your service, would at once give you a free pass into society—real society, I mean."

"But I don't understand yet why you should put money at my service," Newcome answered.

"To amuse myself, I should like above all things to play a trick on the society which has only accepted me because of what I have. I should enjoy seeing you take everyone by storm; seeing you flattered, and run after, and made much of, on my recommendation. I tell you, if you fight the Kid for me and come out on top, you shall have six months of such life as perhaps you've never dreamt of."

The thought that flashed through Hope Newcome's head was: "Six months ought to be enough for my purpose. With such a chance as this madman offers me for some queer reason of his own, which he's hiding and doesn't want me to guess at, I could not only give the help I would sell my life to give, but I should be able to learn how to keep my oath as well."

"And at the end of the six months?" he said aloud.

"After me, the deluge," smiled Macaire, grimly. "Why, at the end of the six months I should come to the kernel of my joke. Wouldn't you be willing to help me crack the shell?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. Perhaps you don't wish me to."

"I confess I'm fond of a harmless mystery," answered the man just baffled by the mystery wrapped round the vanished figure of a girl. "If I—merely to amuse myself—not out of any exaggerated whim to be generous—offer you a—er—salary, we'll call it, of a thousand pounds a month for six months, and let you do what you like without asking questions, wouldn't you grant me my mystery till the end of that phase of our partnership?"

"I've never yet taken any money I haven't earned," said Newcome.

"I mean you shall earn this. At first, with the fight (the thing's off if the Kid knocks you out); afterwards, at the end of the six months. Oh, you needn't look so suspicious, my friend. I swear I would ask nothing dishonorable. Will you take my word for that, and, trusting me for the rest, give me my way?"

Lionel Macaire, with his hideous, scarred face, and pale eyes, did not look a person to whom trust would naturally flow out; but Hope Newcome wanted money and position—position not for what it could give him of enjoyment, but for the help it would afford in the mission for which he had lived until the moment when an incentive even stronger came suddenly into his life. Money he must have for the accomplishment of both objects.

It seemed to him, holding no cue to the motif-music which sang so strange a tune in Lionel Macaire's blood, that the eccentric millionaire must be hovering on the verge of madness—a verge where it was difficult to draw a line of definition. But there was the offer,

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such as it was, for him, Hope Newcome, to take or leave. And after six months, why, he believed himself strong enough to face the consequences and pay the bill, whatever that might be. Besides, he might not win in that fight, supposing he went in for it. Yes, he would do it. Let all depend upon that. It must be Fate's decision, not his.

"Well?" enquired Macaire. "How long will you give me to decide?"

"Five minutes. The fight to be twenty rounds. Queensberry rules. Two ounce gloves, a decision on points if you stick it out till the finish. Fifty pounds in your hand before you leave the room for your immediate expenses, living, and training—for you'd want a sparring partner and a lot of odds and ends. The best thing for you to do would be to go straight to town, take up your quarters in my house, and use my gymnasium. But all these points can be settled if you decide my way in five minutes."

Hope Newcome had wanted as many hours, meaning to walk by the sea in the November darkness making up his mind. But the offer of fifty pounds down and a chance to live without spending too much of it was, in the strange circumstances known only to himself, more than he could resist.

"I'll try it," he said, without waiting for even one of the five minutes to go by.

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that should be in the possession of
every Canadian able to read English.
Truly, as the author contends, "the
first duty of citizens in every country
is to make themselves thoroughly ac-
quainted with the nature and opera-
tion of the system of government un-
der which they live." This manual is
divided into seven chief parts, the titles
of which are: Growth of the Constitu-
tion; Imperial Government; the Do-
minion Government; the Provincial
Governments; Municipal Government
in the Provinces; School Government
in the Provinces; Government in the
North-West Territories. These de-
partments furnish a very full, succinct
and untechnical description of the civ-
il institutions, forms and procedures of
the land. In addition to an attractive
outline map of the Dominion, there are
thirty-seven pages of illustrations and
autographs.

Amongst those who heard the Rev.
J. T. Sunderland's sermons on Religion
and Evolution at the Unitarian Church
in Jarvis street last winter, the wish
was strong that these remarkable and
inspiring addresses might be preserved
in printed form. The wish is now
gratified by the publication of the en-
tire six sermons of the series—the Evolu-
tion of the World, the Evolution of
Man, the Evolution of Religion, the
Problem of Pain and Evil in the Light
of Evolution, the Bible, Jesus and
Christianity in the Light of Evolution,
Immortality in the Light of Evolution.
—In neat book form, with paper covers
(Toronto: Daniel Rose & Son, 126 Bay
street). To re-read Mr. Sunderland's
calm philosophy after an interval of
two or three months is to be convinced
that he is on the right track—that
spiritual truth can be reconciled with
the irrefutable teachings of science—
and that without compromising either.
The great charm of Mr. Sunderland's
writing is its limpid clearness. One is
never left in doubt as to his meaning.
He has also authority and grasp, be-
cause he knows his subject thoroughly,
and is never obliged to hesitate about
the next step. His book must give all
who read it a more exalted conception
of the destiny of the universe and of
man. It will be preserved by many as
a well-spring and treasure-house of
noble thoughts, nobly spoken.

As Bernier and his ambitions are
bringing the North Pole nearer to our
grasp, every story of the far North is
of added interest. Canadians are
just waking up to the fact of
that huge ice-bound country they
own, and realizing that to be
Lords of the North is not the
empty boast one used to consider it.
Agnes Laut is so far "the" novelist
of the far North, and takes us back to
the primitive times when fortunes were
stolen from the Indians by the fur-
traders, who set out to subdue land and
sea and savages, not from humani-
tarian motives, but to secure the riches
of the fur country when the Hudson
Bay Fur Company and a horde of ad-
venturers came to issue over the spoils
of that rich land, and when Sieur
Radisson, the hero of the tale "Heralds
of Empire" is thus described by the
author: "I see him yet—swarthy,
straight as a lance, keen as steel, in
his eyes the restless fire that leaps to
red when sword cuts sword, beating
about the high seas, a lone adventurer,
tracking forest wastes where no man
else dare go, prince of pathfinders,
prince of pioneers, prince of gamblers,
he played for the love of the game, car-
ving never a rush for the gold." This
does Miss Laut herald her hero, and
he lives up to the mark. Through in-
credible perils, bloody massacres and
intrigues innumerable, Sieur Radisson
leads his friends and his red de-
s. From the lonely tepee in the ravine where
at midnight creeping braves surprise
and massacre the sleeping Indians and
take away their spoil of rich furs, to
the dissolute court of King Charles at
Whitehall, where the furs are offered
by Sieur Radisson to the monarch, one
follows the breathless career not al-
ways comfortably, as may be easily

Why Don't They Go?
A Way to Push Off the "Hang on's."
Perhaps some day you will wake up
to the fact that coffee is quickly and
surely doing the business for you. You
wonder why the symptoms of disease
which grow more and more pronounced
do not disappear, but hang on in spite
of all the medicines you can take.
Fixed organic disease may result if
you keep up your present course, and
yet it is an easy thing to give up coffee
and get well. Have your cook make
Postum Food Coffee strictly according
to directions, and that is easy. Use
enough of it and boil long enough to
bring out the taste, then you will find
that the famous food drink will satisfy
your coffee taste and the old troubles
gradually disappear.
There are hundreds of thousands of
cases in America that prove the truth
of this statement.
A gentleman from Columbus, Ga.,
says: "My wife had been an invalid for
some time, and did not seem to yield
to any sort of medicines. She could
not eat anything without distress, and
naturally was badly run down in ev-
ery way.
"Finally we concluded that perhaps
it was the coffee that hurt her, so she
quit it and went on to Postum, also be-
gan using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.
She immediately began to improve, and
kept gaining strength and health; now
she can eat heartily of anything she
wants, vegetables and anything else,
without hurting her. She has gained
nearly thirty pounds since she made
the change.
"I saw such an improvement in her
health that I decided to quit coffee my-
self, and you would be surprised to see
the change. I have gained in flesh
about 25 pounds, and have entirely lost
the old, dull headaches that I used to
have so much.
"Our two children are very fond of
Postum. You can use my name if you
like." T. M. Coggin, 1220 Tenn. ave-
nue, Columbus, Ga.

Had Its Drawbacks.
"Sir," said the long-haired genius, "I have invented a prepara-
tion that will bring its backers a perennial income. It is a cure for
the drink habit that will at once abolish the accursed appetite,
and will remove intemperance from our land. So, you see, that
not only may you make money, but you may—"
"Just a moment," interrupted the capitalist. "Where are you
going to get your income after you have cured them all?"
conceived. There is romance, though
not Sieur Radisson's, and the story is
as original and interesting as well can
be. The book is handsomely brought
out by William Briggs.
Long's Colonial Library have sent out
a varied batch this month—some pleas-
ant and some much the reverse. A
book leaving a bad taste in the mouth
is Fergus Hume's "Woman, the
Sphinx," which deals with a female
version of Jekyll and Hyde. Agnes,
the saint of Apple Tree Town, and Lais,
the courtesan of Paris, twin sisters by
the grace of the perpetual liar, but
really one and the same woman, be-
come rather individually and dually
unbearable to the sane reader. Apple
Tree Town, a Devonshire cider-making
center, is deliciously described. It
makes one faintly sigh, "Oh! to be now
in England!" to read of it. Paris, with
its underworld banalities and vice, is
plainly set forth, and is frankly stupid
and abominable. The twins, merging
into one woman, cursed by a nature
that must drive its weird of degrada-
tion, alternate in bewildering likeness
and unlikeness. I cannot help admiring
the hero of this unpleasant tale—
his utterances are of the most primi-
tive, and his scheme of life sweetly
simple. He goes to Africa to be good,
and every few years comes back to
London to be as bad as London will
permit, which one realizes is a large
contract. Fortunately, after a thor-
oughly archaic scheme of reformation
through the angelic Agnes, and a very
warm time in Paris with the lurid
Lais, this very adaptable gentleman re-
ports himself reformed in an idiotic
sentence as any he has heretofore ut-
tered. Agnes and Lais, unmasked by
him, gives up, and is paralyzed, dying
in the odor of sanctity and cider in
Apple Tree Town. The novelist says
that his hero found self, put away self,
and learned the great lesson of life.
He took a long course, I'm thinking, but
he rolls away from the unbriar Agnes
and Apple Tree Town, breathing a
prayer for the soul of the lady, which
marks him a confirmed optimist, con-
sidering his experiences with her in
gay Paris. By the way, "Fergus
Hume" may not be a man, and I
rather incline to the belief that only
a woman could have dished up such a
heroine as the Jekyll-Hyde lady.

Just by way of contrast comes "The
Court of Destiny," by G. G. Chatter-
ton, also a Colonial Library number.
In this story life is so truly portrayed
as to exasperate. Godfrey and Eva
have an "understanding," which lasts
till they are verging on the sere and
yellow—at least, Eva is. 'Tis the wo-
man who suffers most, and enjoys most
the innocent love affair, poverty being
all that hinders complete happiness.
Godfrey is a dear, constant, loyal and
gloriously happy and philosophical
Irish soldier, and the Jamaica part of
the story is particularly pretty. One
scarcely dares to hope that the gods
will be good to Godfrey and Eva, but
(mirabile dictu) they finally are, and
no one could wish for a neater and
more natural climax. The story begins
most thrillingly with the resuscitation
of a half-hanged murderer, a very de-
cent sort of chap, who is the fairy god-
father in after years of the thoroughly
lifelike pair of probationers in love's
court. Let everyone who wants a
charming, sprightly, cleverly-written
and unexceptionable story take Chat-
terton's "The Court of Destiny" away
with them for the vacation.

The Beer war has become so wear-
some a subject that most of us will be
glad to let it drop. However, a new
book has been issued by T. Fisher Un-
win, London, "The Epistles of Atkins-
on," by James Milne, being an attempt to
bring together and classify the impres-
sions of the common soldier, mainly
gathered from his letters. Although
lacking sequence and style, all that
goes to make a book literature, one
cannot remain unmoved by the vivid-
ness of the scenes brought together. It
is the personal incident that makes an
event realistic, and here we have At-
kinson relating occurrences himself, with
only an occasional ejaculation from
Mr. Milne. One inevitably contrasts
what we have with what we might
have had were there only a Kipling be-
hind Tommy's virile imagination. How-
ever, if you read the book you will
have gone through the mad fight with
Atkinson and perhaps feel ready to agree
with the private—"Oh, yes; there's a
great deal of glory in war! It looks all
right in history books for children, but
there is more gory than glory in it."

No more charming article on angling
has appeared in years than "Trout and
Philosophy on a Vermont Stream," il-
lustrated by full page drawings, in the
June "Outing." Among other good
features are a history of the English
Derby, an account of the early days of
baseball by an old-time player, and
"Watchers of the Campfire," an animal
story of the Canadian woods, by
Charles G. D. Roberts. In the "Sports-
man's Viewpoint," by Caspar Whitney,
the reader may get a view of amateur
sport, the country over, as it appears

Curious Bits of News.
The New York "Commercial Adver-
tiser" estimates that Andrew Carnegie's
benefactions, up to date, amount to
\$68,000,000, distributed in the following
order: United States, \$55,361,673; Scot-
land, \$13,078,750; Canada, \$876,500; Cuba,
\$520,000; Ireland, \$65,500. And yet, Mr.
Carnegie's wealth is said to be increas-
ing more rapidly than he can give it
away, owing to the enormous earnings
of the properties whose securities he
holds.

In his book on "The Private Life of
the Sultan," Mr. Georges Dorys says
that during the Armenian massacres it
cost the Turkish treasury the equiva-
lent of about \$1,000,000 for hush money,
or "allocations," to certain European
newspapers, besides the distribution of
six hundred and forty costly decora-
tions placed where they would do the
most good. Abdul Hamid seemed to
believe firmly in the cynical saying of
Walpole that every man has his price.

An interesting series of experiments
has been tried by the school authori-
ties in South Germany to test the fa-
culty of observation as it is exercised
by boys and girls. A man dressed as
an ordinary workman and with ordi-
nary features was placed in a room by
himself. Classes of girls of different

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Oxford heavy extension sole, yellow or
black stitch, patent or kid tips, beauti-
fully made in every way, \$2.50
at.....
Also a beautiful Patent Leather, 3-strap slipper, plain patent straps,
French heel, sizes 1 1/2 to 7, widths B. C. D. Makes a \$2.50
neat little foot look its best. Special.....
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ages were sent through the room. All
that the teachers told them was that
they were to go into the room through
one door and out through another.
When they returned to their class-
rooms they were asked to describe the
man in the room. Nearly eighty per-
cent. of the girls confined their atten-

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mal fats—are used
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SATURDAY last was "busy day" among Toronto aquatic clubs as well as with many other athletic organizations, and notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather the respective spring meetings of the Toronto Canoe Club, the Argonaut Rowing Club, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, were well attended. The Canoe Club programme consisted of seven events, which were all closely contested and excited much interest; the feature of the Argonaut regatta was the final appearance of the club's eight prior to their departure for the Henley regatta, while from the clubhouse of the R.C.Y.C. the yacht race in which the "Canada," sailed by J. Wilson Morse, beat the "Merrythought," handled by Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, was watched with keen interest.

The season's sports of the Toronto Swimming Club also commenced on Saturday last, when in spite of the rather too bracing temperature of the water a fifty-yard team race was pulled off, which resulted in a win for the team captained by A. C. Goode over that of Percy Webb. A neat booklet has just been issued containing the club's programme for the coming summer, which includes swimming handicaps, team races, diving contests, polo matches, and life-saving drills. The club aims, as its constitution states, among other things "to teach and promote the useful and life-saving art of swimming," as well as "to promote and encourage the knowledge of the principles of life-saving and re-uscitation of the apparently drowned." To be a good swimmer is a highly desirable accomplishment, and the additional knowledge of how to act in attempting to rescue a person from drowning is a thing to cultivate. The Toronto Swimming Club's scientific treatment of these two branches of utilitarian athletics is attracting many new members, and the indications are that this will be a highly successful season for them.

Last Saturday's lacrosse games, in which the Tecumsehs were beaten by the Shamrocks, the Nationals by the Capitals, and the Montreals by the Cornwall team, mark the beginning of the sifting process which will soon enable the "wise" followers of the national game to pick the season's winner in the senior league. Montreal, by their poor showing at Cornwall, would seem to be out of the running, and to-day's game at the Island between the Nationals and the Torontos will serve to indicate whether the latter club's experience abroad as "conquering heroes" will be of much benefit to them when up against players who, like themselves, have had the lacrosse instinct born in them.

Following the novelty of the ladies' baseball organization styling themselves "The Boston Bloomer Girls," who played in the city recently, a number of lady bicyclists who are "bloomer girls" no less than their predecessors, although their advance notices contained no reference to costume, have this week been engaging in a protracted racing contest at the Island, which is exciting considerable interest. The races, which begin each evening at 8.15, and are held on a track the incline of which makes "loafing" an impossibility, are pleasing the crowds immensely, and the young ladies are proving by the astonishing manner in which they reel off the miles that in this as in other branches of athletics the "possibilities" for feminine aspirants are great.

Although not of particular interest to Canadians, the remarkable record of Pittsburgh in National League baseball this season is worthy of note. Out of a total of forty games played up to the beginning of the week, the Iron City club had lost only seven, a percentage of 82.5. They are .233 per cent. above Chicago, who are second in the big league.

It has come to this—that a lacrosse match without a "scrap" would hardly be a lacrosse match. Pummeling your cheek and getting pummelled in return are looked upon almost as legitimate features of Canada's national game. This season's chapter of the same old story opened last Saturday, when the Tecumseh-Shamrock match was enlivened by a series of incidents that would not be out of place in a modern historical novel, where everybody wants to spill blood on the least imaginable provocation. Finally there was a free-for-all, rough-and-tumble mix-up that suggested a riot rather than a friendly contest between law-abiding Canadian athletes. It is all wrong, and brings disgrace on the game and everyone associated therewith.

The newly established City League promises to arouse more than the ordinary amount of interest in cricket this season. Some keen matches will surely result, and the good old game will benefit thereby. The first match played last Saturday between Gordon-Mackay's and Parkdale was won by the latter by 51 to 37.

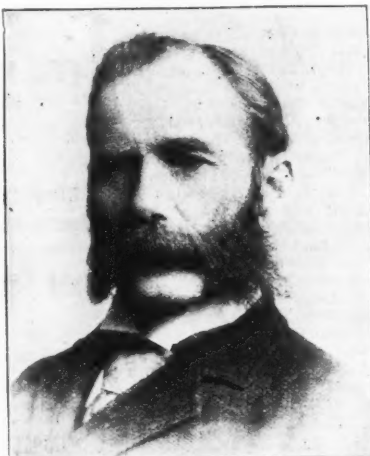
The Granite Club has just closed a great bowling tournament—one of the most enjoyable and most interesting ever held on this hospitable and wideawake club's lawn. Entries were numerous and the sport was keen. At the

time of writing the finals had not been decided, but the score in the semi-finals stood: C. Boeckh (Canadas) 16 against J. P. Rogers (Granites) 14; C. Swabey (Victorias) 14 against W. J. McMurtry (Granites) 12. Keen interest was taken in the consolation and single competitions also.

A Record Breaking Swindle.

THE New York detectives are on the lookout for the authors of one of the greatest "bunco games" ever worked in Europe, who are expected to arrive in the United States any day. These clever swindlers, on the strength of a mythical multi-millionaire's estate, obtained from French bankers the stupendous amount of \$12,000,000, and from London bankers another million, and for twenty years kept themselves on the top wave of society in Paris, entertaining nobility and even royalty, became prominent in artistic and musical circles, had a box at the opera at an annual rental of 30,000 francs, a palace in the Avenue de la Grand Armee, and two magnificent chateaux in the country. According to the despatches, the methods employed by these imposters were very simple, and were made possible by the very precautions of the French law. Mme. Humbert filed a will naming herself as sole heir of the estate of R. H. Crawford, valued at 100,000,000 francs. Then the Crawford brothers produced another will dividing the mythical estate among themselves, nephews of the supposed dead plutocrat, Mme. Humbert, and her sister, Marie d'Aurignac. This was the ground on which a contest in the courts was based, and finally, in accordance with custom, an order was issued directing that the titles, deeds, and securities for the \$20,000,000, which were represented to be in the possession of Mme. Humbert, should be sealed up. The supposed documents were accordingly produced and sealed with the official seal of the court, and deposited in a monster safe. On the strength of the documents that were sealed up by order of the court, the first few million francs were borrowed without the least difficulty.

As soon as the lenders began to ask why the parties did not come to a compromise, it was suggested by one of the Crawford brothers that he should become the husband of Marie d'Aurignac as soon as she became of age. When Marie became of age, however, she refused to marry Crawford, and the brothers brought a civil suit against Mme. Humbert for the 100,000,000 francs, and secured an injunction restraining her from touching the fortune in her safe. So, for twenty years, by one expedient or another, the parties to the gigantic fraud continued to draw money from the bankers of Paris and London, and to live at the rate of at least a million a year. Whenever a creditor referred to in the court proceedings as M. X., of Lyons, who yielded up a million dollars alone, and then committed suicide. The Crawford estate became known to all Paris, and the house in which there was a safe containing \$20,000,000 was always pointed out to visitors by coachmen and guides. Toward the last a few people began to have suspicions, but even the creditors deprecated any such suspicions, as, because of the enormous amount of the loans, their own credit would be jeopardized by a belief that their investment was insecure. When at last Mme. Humbert and her sister Marie had disappeared, and the great safe and the court's seals were formally and ceremoniously opened, all Paris was in front of the house. The securities, deeds, etc., were found to be worth next to nothing. Even then the crowd could not believe that persons who had played such a great part in the life of Paris were simply swindlers. Then they made a rush for the art gallery. They found that nearly all the most valuable pictures had been taken away, and cheap copies of them hung in their frames.



DR. T. S. SPROULE, M.P.

The late N. Clarke Wallace's successor as Grand Master of the Orange Order.

Books That Live and Books That Die.

WHAT makes a book immortal? Although few, if any, dull stories have lived and been read during fifty years, a great number of excellent and for a while popular stories have perished and been forgotten within a decade after their first editions appeared in the bookstores.

For example, there is—or, rather, there was—"Trilby," a good story exceeding well told. It came out in 1894 and had a stupendous sale. But "Trilby" is dead. The librarians of the chief libraries unanimously report that the book is called for seldom or never. It is old lumber on the shelves. What killed "Trilby"? The story is just as good to-day as it was eight years ago. Du Maurier was a master writer and there was nothing essentially ephemeral in the interest of his charming tale. Yet poor Trilby wanted the drop of ichor in her veins that would have given her everlasting life. A decade hence the charming Miss O'Tarrell, and the Laird, and Taffy and Little Billee and Svengali—that delightful company in that delightful La'in Quarter—will have ceased to be even memories to a hurrying and ungrateful generation.

Lounging among the tombs of literary reputations in the Mechanics', the Mercantile and the Free Public Libraries and chatting with the caretakers or librarians, a reporter from the San Francisco "Bulletin" made some strange and many sad discoveries. In a secluded niche the sepulchre of Rudyard Kipling was found—that Kipling who, three years ago, was the most popular author in all the world. No one asks for his books, say the librarians. He is dead and buried, although there may be a resurrection some day, for notwithstanding much posing, much affectation and much brutality, Kipling's Indian tales are stories of first-rate quality, and they deserve to live. Kipling tried too much, and his work deteriorated. "Stalky & Co." was utterly puerile, and "Kim" fell flat. Two such failures undid him.

One is not surprised that the cheap novels of sentiment and emotion, such as those written by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth a few years ago, have lost vogue, although they were sold in vast editions to romance-mad women, but who that has been thrilled by "Deerslayer," "Pathfinder," "Last of the Mohicans," and all that series of good, though impossible stories, will neglect to shed a tear beside the grave which is yawning for Fenimore Cooper? Cooper is breathing his last. Now and then a call for one of his books revives him as a dose of digitalis or an inhalation of pure oxygen revives a dying man, but his strength is gone and the undertaker is ready to inter his literary remains. Nathaniel Parker Willis, than whom no author was more

in demand fifty years ago, is not only dead, but forgotten. His name may be found in some of the catalogues—those digested epitaphs of literary celebrities—but he has ceased to be a personality in literature. Fare thee well, Nat, in that oblivion where thou wilt find many of greater genius than thine, but none more chatty and companionable.

Old Captain Marryat, that interesting tar, is still on the quarter deck, and the present generation of boys attend his sea yarns. This is good news, for the captain was well beloved, and it would be a pity to hear of him dead or moribund. He painted a cabin, a fore-castle and a life afloat far different from those of the navies and the merchant marine of this day, but it was a hearty, healthy life he painted, full of fighting, adventures and suffering, a life whose passing away we will not lament, but whose pictures we hope long to retain in Marryat's books.

A pleasant find was the tomb of that intolerant prig of a book, "Sandford and Merton," which was forced on all children some years ago for their edification. All those infinite series of tales by Oliver Optic and his comrades, which so absorbed the youthful attention thirteen or fourteen years ago that there used to be a waiting list for each volume, have ceased to be read. They may not have been literary masterpieces, but they gave many a boy happy hours and ecstatic thrills such as no book, however great, can give him in these years of critical and non-saltatory manhood. Let us murmur a requiescat when we come upon their mortuary shelf in the library.

In the poets' corner, too, are many tombs of the forgotten or dimly remembered dead. No one reads poetry nowadays, and the bards lie in their cases awaiting a resurrection which may come when the world grows tired of prose.

But Dickens and Thackeray are still alive and have a steadily increasing patronage. Good news, indeed, for the world will be abandoned to stupidity if it neglects those two men. Stevenson, let us be thankful, lives still in his books, and Mark Twain shows none of the signs of dissolution. "Alice in Wonderland," which was published in 1868, has not lost its spell, and it is read as much to-day as it ever was, and a good deal more than Mr. Dodgson's (Lewis Carroll's) "Elementary Treatise on Determinants" and his other mathematical works are read.

Coming back to the question, what makes a book immortal, who can answer? Why has "Alice in Wonderland" survived since 1868, when "Trilby" could not live eight years? Who can say that the story of Alice is better than the story of "Trilby"? There is a mystery in these matters too deep for critics, publishers or the public to fathom, but certain it is that the world's first impression of a book is not always—indeed, is seldom—final, and that an immense sale for ten editions is no guarantee of immortality.

To Whitcomb Riley.

On reading his poem, "The Soldier," published in the last issue of "Saturday Night."

Dear Riley, we have read your splendid verse
About "The Soldier," it is very good;
Smooth, limpid, flowing, eloquent and terse;
But we suppose it must be understood
"The Soldier" you extol in such a way
Is one of those historical "has-beens."

And not the Yankee soldier of to-day.
Who's making history in the Philippines.
You say that in his heart "pure patriot blood
Brims with fierce love, yet honor infinite;"
"Fierce love and honor infinite" are good.
And fit the Funston style of hero quite!
The soldier's "glad and grateful," so you say,
"Even to die at Freedom's holy shrine;"
But what if he but fights to take away
From weaker folk their liberty divine?

The ruthless chap led by your Smith is not
"The soldier of our plaudits, flowers and tears."
Nor shall the love of such as should be shot,
"Outlast their monument a thousand years;"
True, soldiers have to do as they are told,
And thus, perchance, should be exempt from blame;
But nations who command them are enrolled
For their misdeeds in the black book of shame!

Thou, therefore, gifted Riley, doest well
In abstract thought exclusively to deal;
Not on the shameful concrete case to dwell,
But on "The Soldier" as a pure ideal:
Such is most rare beneath your flag just now—
He disappeared when recreant tyrants rose,
With hypocrite smile and brazen brow,
To "succor" trustful hearts with deadly blows!
J. W. BENGOUGH.

Elysian Fields.

SOME say that anything worth having is difficult to find. The wild lupine believes that judgment, for just outside the city in the sandy places, covering hillside and field, it may be found—such blue that, coming suddenly upon it, one is startled; wonder and amazement crowd upon the senses. Before one lies field beyond field of intense, celestial blue, shining in the sun as though the heavens themselves had fallen and the green earth only peeped through. Pluck a flower and you are almost disenchanted—you have taken it out of its element. But gather an armful, add a few ferns outside—heaven and earth will have met together.

The plant grows erect from one to two feet high, the little pea-like blossom each side of the stalk in a long raceme. The leaf is made up of from nine to eleven little leaflets forming somewhat the shape of a wheel. One goes



Highwayman—I'm out o' work, boss, or I wouldn't be doin' dis.
Landlord—I can't give you money, but you're just the man I want for a rent collector.

home after viewing it a little awed with so much glory and filled with thoughts such as Wordsworth must have known when he wrote his "Daffodils":

"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought,
For oft when on my couch I lie
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

The picture of that ravishing color remains transcendent in one's mind, clearer than the remembrance of way-side purples, unshadowed by the brightness of the sky itself or the dancing waves of Humber Bay.

GLADYS BACON.

To Restore Caligula's Floating Garden.

A COMPANY with a capital of \$100,000 has been organized for the purpose of draining Lake Nemi, a small body of water occupying what was once the crater of a volcano in the Alban Hills, upon the estate of Prince Orsini, about thirty-two miles from Rome. The object of draining the lake is to recover two enormous floating gardens or house boats of the most extraordinary character, which were built and used by the crazy Emperor Caligula about forty years after Christ. The historian Suetonius tells us that Caligula squandered in fantastic schemes during a single year the sum of 2,700,000,000 sesterces (equivalent to about \$100,000,000 of our money) that had been left him by Tiberius, and describes among other remarkable toys constructed for his amusement floating gardens of cedar wood, adorned with jeweled prows, rich sculpture, vessels of gold and silver, sails of purple silk, bathrooms of alabaster and bronze, and other equally novel and costly features.

Upon these floating gardens were vineyards and fruit trees. They were not only places of amusement, but temples in which the mad Emperor worshipped himself. The floors were paved with glass mosaic, the windows and door frames were of bronze, many of the decorations were of almost priceless value, and the ordinary equipments were of beautiful design and costly workmanship. For some reason or another, probably during the war that followed the reign of Caligula, these palaces were sunk, and now lie in the mud two hundred yards distant from each other in five fathoms of water; one is one hundred and fifty feet from the bank and the other about two hundred and fifty feet.

The first attempt to raise them was made in the thirteenth century, but it was found impossible. In 1446 Cardinal Prospero Colonna employed Leon Batista Alberti, the greatest engineer in that period, but his mechanical appliances were wholly inadequate. He used pontoon bridges, windlasses, and inflated bladders. In 1535 Francesco di Marchi of Bologna, a great military engineer, made another attempt, an account of which is given in his work on Military Architecture. He was unable to do anything, but obtained accurate measurements and other valuable information concerning the objects of his search. A diver who spent several months in their examination, brought up samples of richly wrought bronze which had become detached from the decorations. Nothing further was done until 1827, when another engineer succeeded in breaking off the prow of one of the vessels, to its permanent injury.

Five years ago Signor Bergh, a learned antiquarian, obtained permission from the Orsini family to make another attempt, and although he was unsuccessful in accomplishing his purpose, he managed, with his grappling irons, to rip up the palace pretty generally, and has probably destroyed much of their value and beauty. He took out many beautiful decorations of bronze and marble before he was stopped by the Minister of Public Instruction, who has charge of antiquarian researches in Italy. The articles are now hidden away to escape confiscation by the Government, which has been trying to get hold of them. There has been a bitter controversy over the matter in the newspapers and in pamphlets, and the Government has forbidden the use of any further methods that will injure the boats. Bergh has therefore organized a company and is now offering the shares for sale in order to raise money to drain the lake far enough to allow him to get at the ships and dredge the bottom for fragments that may have become detached. The boats are made of cedar, with a thick coating of pitch and covered with cloth, on the outside of which a skin of sheet lead of great thickness is fastened with copper nails. The decks are paved with glass mosaics of exquisite beauty.

How to Make a Camp.

Camp life, because of its simplicity, is rapidly coming into vogue. Here are a few simple directions, from New York "Life":

"Secure a good forest and a fair-sized lake in some uninhabited region where game abounds, and clear away a tract of three or four acres. This can be made into a fine lawn with a few hundred carloads of imported sod. In the center erect your buildings. The main building need not be more than three stories high, and can be built of white marble on the outside and white mahogany on the inside. A good living house like this can be put up for about twenty thousand dollars. The servants' quarters should be separate. So should the barn. A boat house can be built on the lake, and a wharf not more than a mile long is desirable. After this, all you need is a windmill for pumping water, an electric light plant, three or four steam launches, an ice house, a bowling alley, and a ping-pong court. The whole affair need not cost more than one hundred thousand dollars."

A Stinging Epigram.

A copy of "Mrs. Hannah Glasse's Cookery Book," emblazoned on the cover with the Royal arms, which is said to have belonged to the Princess Royal, the eldest daughter of George III., has been sold for \$50 in Melbourne. As a royal relic it may have been worth that sum, but hardly on its literary merits. "Hannah Glasse" has been rightly described as the "Mrs. Harris" of culinary literature. The book was actually compiled by John Hill, a hard-working eighteenth century hack, who adopted the pseudonym because he thought the work would sell better if the public thought it had been written by a woman. Hill was also a tyro as a physician and a slipshod playwright, a combination that provoked Garrick's stinging epigram:

"For physic and fices, his equal there scarce is.
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

The Longing of the Decadent.

A contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" gets off this funny passage: "Man has dropped his useless accessories. He stands upright, walks on two feet with his fork, and goes to receptions. Yet who shall say that there does not, now and then, as he chases the solitary and slippery pea, with a fork, over the surface of his plate, or bows above the white-gloved hand of his hostess, who shall say that there does not arise in his soul a longing for the old, wild joys of swinging?—swinging by a tail from bough to bough, where the cocoanuts grow and the parrots scream."

On a Queen Street Car.

Visitor—Is this the asylum?
Conductor—Yes, sir. Er—would you like to get off here?

Visitor (suddenly inspired)—No, but I understood that this was where we changed conductors.
Conductor (hastily)—All aboard, please.

Many a man has gone to hell backwards with his face bravely turned toward heaven.—Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

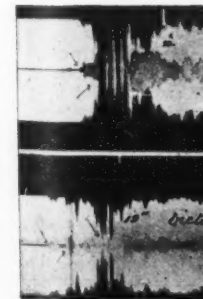
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The Seismograph

TORONTO HAS ONE OF THE FOUR CHIEF EARTHQUAKE RECORDERS IN AMERICA—HOW THE WONDERFUL MECHANISM WORKS—A TRIUMPH OF MAN'S INGENUITY.

WHAT is the seismograph? How is it constructed, what does it look like, and how does it work? Since the arousing of popular interest in earthquakes, volcanoes and like phenomena, as the result of the recent disasters, frequent mention has been made of this curious and ingenious contrivance.

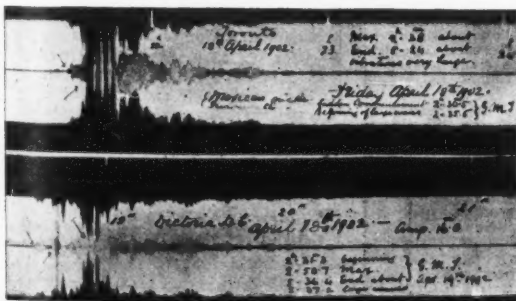
Toronto has one of the four or five principal seismographs in America. It is installed at the Observatory in Queen's Park. The recording of earthquakes is not properly a department of Old Probs' work, but the Observatory here undertook it at the request of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and for the last five years the seismograph has modestly and steadily worked away in the seclusion of the basement of the Observatory, during which time some four hundred earthquakes or quakes have been recorded. It is impossible for a considerable earthquake to take place in any part of the world without the fact being communicated almost immediately to the watchful men of science in the Queen's Park.

On the 18th day of April the instrument at the Observatory told of a violent agitation of Mother Earth. The fact was given as a news item in all the Toronto dailies within twenty-four hours. Not till two or three days later was the world made aware that a fearful earthquake had occurred in Guatemala, Central America, and not for a couple of weeks later still was the full extent of the catastrophe known.

The Toronto seismograph said nothing about the volcanic eruption of Mont Pelé. But neither did any other seismograph, so far as reported. This simply shows that the recent volcanic activity in the West Indies, while locally disastrous, produced no earthquake, or at least none of sufficient violence to convey tremors to any considerable distance from the center of disturbance.

Canada has two seismographs—one at Toronto and one at Victoria, B.C. In the United States there is one at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and another owned by a private individual. There are some small instruments at other places, but these are the chief seismographic stations in North America.

Mr. Stupart, the director of the Toronto Observatory, takes great interest in the seismograph and explains its workings with admirable clearness. Down in the basement of the Observatory, resting on a solid stone column implanted in the soil, is the wonderful but simple little instrument that responds to the slightest tremor of the earth's surface. Its leading feature is a horizontal pendulum or beam, made of aluminum, and about thirty-six inches long; this beam is swung or pivoted from a metal upright resting on the column of stone. The adjustment is so exceedingly delicate that the slightest tilting or heaving of the upright column causes the horizontal beam to swing from side to side. An imperceptible movement at the pivotal end of the swinging arm of course produces a pronounced sway at the outer extremity. To this outer extremity of the horizontal beam is attached a small metal plate in which is a narrow slit; this plate, which of course moves as the beam moves, is suspended over a fixed plate, in which is another slit, but at right angles to the slit above it. From a jet of gas overhead light falls through the two slits—that is, through the small aperture made by their intersection—on to a strip of photographic paper which is slowly but continually moved under the plates by clockwork. When the horizontal arm is steady the paper as it is reeled off is traced with a straight black line where the light falls on it through the two slits. As soon as the beam swings back and forth ever so slightly the straight line becomes somewhat blurred. If the beam is oscillated



vigorously, the straight line disappears altogether, giving place to a wide irregular "mudgè," as in the accompanying cut, which shows the record of the recent Guatemala earthquake, as taken both at Toronto and at Victoria.

A mere local disturbance, such as the shock from an explosion, might be recorded by the seismograph, but in a very different manner from an earthquake. An explosion, a blow, or any local cause of like character, would cause the instrument to jump for a moment or two only. But an earthquake produces long wavelike movements in the earth's crust and these last for several minutes or hours. There is no possibility of the instrument confounding the two.

The photographic paper is reeled off at a fixed rate and is timed as it passes through the machine in such a manner that not only can the exact moment at which the shock began be determined, but its duration also is recorded.

This particular kind of seismograph was invented by Professor John Milne while studying earthquakes in Japan. There are other kinds, but none so reliable. Professor Milne is his observatory on the Isle of Wight has the most complete apparatus of all sorts for studying seismic phenomena.

The thought will occur to the sceptically inclined that it is sheer scientific vanity to study earthquake shocks, since no amount of knowledge can avail to prevent them. But science is not deterred from investigating a subject by the apparent impossibility of turning the data gathered to practical account. Science wants to know all things for the mere satisfaction of knowing them; and so curiously are natural forces inter-related that often one department of research receives unexpected light from another department of science. The thought will occur to the sceptically inclined that it is sheer scientific vanity to study earthquake shocks, since no amount of knowledge can avail to prevent them. But science is not deterred from investigating a subject by the apparent impossibility of turning the data gathered to practical account. Science wants to know all things for the mere satisfaction of knowing them; and so curiously are natural forces inter-related that often one department of research receives unexpected light from another department of science. The thought will occur to the sceptically inclined that it is sheer scientific vanity to study earthquake shocks, since no amount of knowledge can avail to prevent them. But science is not deterred from investigating a subject by the apparent impossibility of turning the data gathered to practical account. Science wants to know all things for the mere satisfaction of knowing them; and so curiously are natural forces inter-related that often one department of research receives unexpected light from another department of science.

Feared Another United States.

Mr. Sidney Low, in his "Recollections of Cecil Rhodes" in the "Nineteenth Century" for May, throws very significant light on Mr. Rhodes' connection with the Boer war. The Boer war grew out of the Jameson raid, of which Mr. Rhodes was the instigating spirit. He told Mr. Low, says the latter, that it was by no means merely to redress the Outlanders' grievances that he took so much trouble. The Outlanders were sure, he said, in a little time, to turn Kruger out, get possession of the Transvaal Administration, right their own grievances, and set up a modern State. But in that case they would owe nothing to England, and were likely not only to drop the English connection themselves, but to draw all South Africa after them into a United States of South Africa, with its capital in the Rand. It was, it appears, to thwart the march of events in that direction and head off Destiny in the interest of the British Empire that Jameson was sent out. Rhodes' alleged talk, in which he disclosed his motives and purposes to Mr. Low, is quoted at length, and is of very great interest.

The Tout and the Bank Clerk.

IT was "get-away day" at Hamilton, and the young bank clerk who had come up from Toronto found breaking the bookmakers with his limited capital pretty hard work. He had played three races and lost. His little roll of \$36 had faded to \$12 and his spirits, which had been ebullient earlier in the day, had become depressed and soggy.

"I might have known I'd have a bad day," he thought to himself. "First, there was that ladder I walked under this morning. Then there was the cross-eyed man on the street car, and when the ticket agent gave me a four-dollar bill in change, that simply capped the climax. Those are hoodooes enough to break Lord Rosslyn."

He took the twelve dollars from his pocket and gazed at them mournfully. He felt he had lost his nerve and had just about decided to pursue the discreet course of saving the remnant for his tailor by leaving the remaining two races to take care of themselves. He had withdrawn a little from the crowd and was gazing wistfully into space.

"Do you see that chap over there?" asked an unceremonious but cheerful voice at his side.

The B. C. felt a thrill of returning hope as he noticed that the interrupter of his meditations was a hunchback, for who brings more luck to the track than a hunchback? It was a moment before he turned his eyes in the direction indicated by the hunchback's gesture. When he did he saw a young man of none too prepossessing appearance. A red sweater was his distinguishing feature of dress, and with that he wore a stiff felt hat, a brown coat, and nondescript trousers turned up to his boot tops. His face was placid but deeply lined. He had evidently good acquaintances, for he was talking to a man who looked like a millionaire.

"That makes three thousand to-day," he said to the millionaire, who assented.

"That chap," continued the hunchback, when he got the B. C.'s attention, "hasn't lost a bet to-day. He's a wonder, I tell you."

When the B. C. was awakened from the reverie into which this last observation sent him, the hunchback was nowhere to be seen, but joy of joys! who should be speaking to him but the young man with the red sweater who talked to millionaires about the thousands and who never lost a bet?

"Excuse me, could I look at your programme?" the Red Sweater was saying.

"Yes, oh, yes, certainly."

The Red Sweater had some trouble in finding the right race on the card. Perhaps he was not familiar with racing paraphernalia.

"Thank you," as he returned the card.

The B. C. wanted to enter into conversation, but didn't know exactly how to begin. After a silence of a minute the Red Sweater said:

"Been betting any?"

"Oh, a little."

"Lost?" with conviction.

"Yes."

There was another silence and the Red Sweater seemed about to turn away. The B. C. could hold out no longer.

"I suppose you don't know anything good in this race?" he asked.

The Red Sweater turned quickly. "How much do you want to bet?" he asked, almost sharply.

The B. C. immediately felt that he wanted to bet the limit, and the limit, he estimated, was about seven dollars, which he produced.

"Give it to me," commanded the Red Sweater.

It was only a jiffy before the B. C. had a ticket which said: "Ti 35-7," which in the language of the race meant that he was betting seven dollars on Tiffany at 5 to 1.

"Have you got any more money?" asked the Red Sweater. His composure was supreme and his assurance produced something like an hypnotic influence on the B. C.

Involuntarily the B. C. pulled his sole five-dollar bill from his pocket.

"Thanks," said the Red Sweater, as he took it. He bought another ticket which said: "Ti 25-5."

"You don't mind if I give this to the stable boy?" he said in a conventional tone.

"Oh!—er, no, not at all," as the Red Sweater vanished in the crowd.

The B. C. thought he would go away up to the back of the grand stand and sit down. On the way he met an acquaintance.

"What do you like in this race?"

"I'm not betting," said the B. C., with grave mendaciousness. He thought to himself as he walked on, "I've been buncoed."

He stumbled and almost fell as he ran up the steps of the grand stand.

"That's good luck, old man," said the man who gave him a steadying hand. "I wish I had stumbled," but the B. C. was not cheered up. He seemed to take little interest in the race. He was despondent.

Wonderful to relate, Tiffany won!

The B. C. had the ticket calling for \$42 and he hurried off to cash in great excitement. His impulse was to get the money and go home. At the bookie's stall who should bob up serenely but the Red Sweater.

"Give me your ticket, I don't need to wait for the line," he ordered and the B. C. obeyed.

"Al-l right! Tiffany first," cried the announcer, and the Red Sweater was the first to cash.

"Come on," he said coolly to the B. C., "I've got a good thing in this race, too," and he kept the forty-two dollars in his hand.

"Wait a minute," the B. C. found courage to say, "I'm—er, I'm broke."

He was sorry the next moment that he had said anything, so great was the compassion that gazed from the Red Sweater's eyes. He almost returned the \$2 that was magnanimously handed to him.

With \$40 left the Red Sweater accosted the bookmaker.

"Twenty-five and fifteen on Young Henry to win," he said. Instantly he had two tickets, one at 75 to 25 and the other at 45 to 15, for the odds were 3 to 1. The large one he handed over to the B. C. with the information: "I'll keep the other for the stable boy." He didn't expect a kick and there wasn't one.

"All the wise people seem to be down on Springwells," ventured the B. C., imitating the language of the track. The Red Sweater answered not, but walked away.

This time the B. C. was in a high state of excitement and he waited for the race nervously. As the horses came into the stretch he ran to the fence and at the finish he was yelling like a madman.

Young Henry won!

The Red Sweater was again first at the betting ring. Grave, serene and confident, he again took hold of the B. C.'s ticket and the owner yielded. "What an ass I was," said the B. C. to himself a moment later.

The B. C. expected that the Red Sweater would disappear by some magic as soon as he received the \$100. But he didn't. He took the B. C. by the arm and walked him away from the crowd. At this juncture he needed to be extremely careful in his effrontery. Without giving the B. C. time to collect his thoughts, he said impressively: "Of course I'm not in this business to make all the money for other people. You wouldn't expect that, would you?"

"No."

"No, of course not," and he handed the B. C. \$50.

"Good-bye."

On the way home the B. C. did a little arithmetic. "That tout made \$140 out of me," he finally concluded.

"Oh, well, I made \$40," he added.

JOHN RAINSFORD.



Isn't it awful for two boys to "scrap" as Mayor Howland and Chairman Jones of the School Board are doing—and both good Conservatives, too?

Old News Is No News.

A GOOD newspaper tries to give the people fresh news and to "dress up" old news in an attractive form. Most people like to hear again what they already know, but readers are few indeed who would approve the novel attitude of the editor of a German paper published in America. He was very matter-of-fact, but a faithful, hard worker.

One night there was a great fire which destroyed the entire block opposite the newspaper office. The whole town turned out to see it, and the streets were crowded. The proprietor of the paper did not go out, but lay in bed dreaming of the fine display the story of the fire would make on the first page of his journal the next morning.

But when he opened the sheet at breakfast, there was not a word about the fire. With wrath in his eye he went to the office and burst into the sanctum of his German editor.

"Why," he thundered, "is there no mention in this morning's issue of the fire across the street last night?"

"Ach, mein lieber Herr," said the editor, calmly, "for vy vasse so much gute paper? Eifrybody vas in de street, und see de fire himself. Vy should ve tell de t'ings vat de people seen already? Shall ve de news print or vat eifrybody knows? Dey haf seen de fire, but de dey know dat Schleier has lost his dog? No. So I haf dat printed."

Why Not Settle the Question?

Although there are an ever increasing number of "proofs" of the rotundity of the earth, there is still some respect for the Indian theory of "the jumping-off place." Great as Marconi's success is, it must be a long time before he can give us wireless connections with the stars. But if Tesla is still on speaking terms with Mars, why not get him to tell our neighbor planet that she is round—perhaps it would settle a difficulty similar to ours—and ask her what kind of figure Mother Earth cuts?

W. A. C.

Rules For Summer Resorts.

Engagements made on these premises are not binding after two weeks.

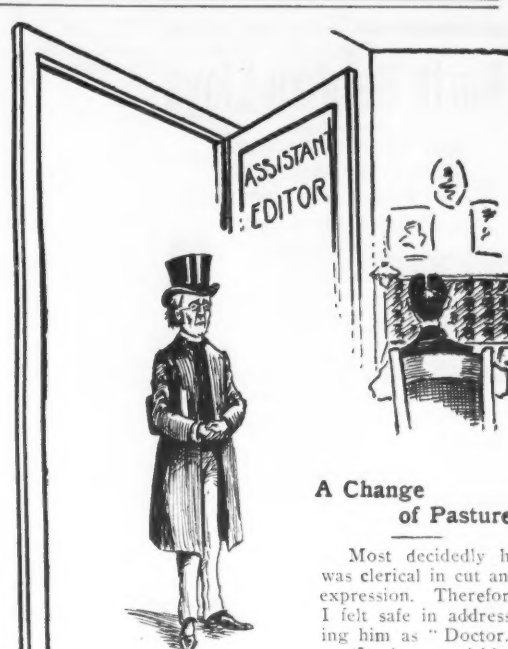
Married men without their wives will please conceal their identity.

Terms—Whatever the cash you have.

Chaperons will not be permitted on the beach after 8.30 p.m.

Guests preparing to leave should notify the head waiter and all the bell-boys twenty-four hours in advance.—"Life."

"He has had an interesting career, hasn't he?" "Well, rather. He has been through two fortunes, three wives and a sanitarium."—"Life."



A Change of Pasture.

Most decidedly he was clerical in cut and expression. Therefore I felt safe in addressing him as "Doctor."

It is astonishing the number of Reverend Doctors nowadays. You can't turn around without bumping into one. At every church conference, assembly, synod or convention, they are as thick and as noisy as bullfrogs in a swamp township. Time was when the simple prefix "Reverend" was considered a sufficiently dignified badge of apostleship. Now the mere reverends are in the minority—almost in disgrace. In the presence of the more numerous and impressive "Doctors," the poor unfortunate fellows who have not arrived at that dignity must feel as mean and inexcusable as the schoolboy who never got a licking. The only ministers who are not D.D.'s are the very young and the very old ones—those who have not yet discovered how to pull wires and those who were too old to learn when the game started. But give the young fellows a chance and they will all be D.D.'s yet. The letters are susceptible of more than one interpretation.)

As I set out to say, he was clerical in cut and expression and I felt safe in calling him Doctor. "Yes, I am here for the General Assembly," said he. "I thought you might have the Podunk paper on your exchange list. Ah, thanks! May I take it with me? I wanted to see whether anything serious was doing in my absence. You see, one never knows what the opposition may go in for behind one's back. Now, in Podunk we have the Methodists, Baptists, Quakers and Christadelphians, in addition to our own congregation, and it's hardly safe to leave the field to so many proselytizing sects. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the Methodists or Baptists got up a pie-social or something of that kind, just because my back is turned. I tell you the religious competition in our town's fierce. What size is Podunk? Well, we have four hundred and fifty of a population according to the census of 1901, and since then Tobias Hull's got married and the blacksmith's wife's had twins. Oh, Podunk's a stirring place, and it's not altogether safe for me to be here looking after the concerns of other congregations while my own flock is shepherdless, surrounded by ravening wolves on all hands.

"Still a man must take a holiday once in a while. The work is too trying. And I am always thankful when the Assembly meets in Toronto. The billets here are good and the bargains are perfectly grand. Why, last time I laid in enough granulated sugar, boots and shoes, shaker flannel, dress goods and underclothes to last the entire family a year. I lost two of Podunk's leading merchants from my membership because they found it out. One went over to the Methodists and one to the Christadelphians. But they weren't much loss. Their theology never was sound, and besides they had not contributed for more than two years to the superannuation fund."

ASTERISK.

A Preacher of Patience.

WHEN, after a long and baffling day, spent fighting with intangible enemies or getting rubbed the wrong way by the thousand insignificant frictions that insult philosophy, you at length lay your weary head upon your pillow, what large and detached views does it not gradually suggest! It calms your boiling brain with a purely animal quiet; it answers your fretful bewilderments with an impersonal imperturbability. Without speech or sign, it unanswerably asserts the wisdom of patience, of postponement. It reminds you of the medicinal quality of time, of the drowsy syrups of the world. Like a hand on the brow, it tranquilizes you, not mentally, but elementally. What man has not held with his pillow some such conversation as this?

Man—I am at the end of my rope. I can stand this no longer; what am I to do?

Pillow—How soft I am.

Man—Yes, you are deliciously soft—but what has that to do with my problems? I think I'll get up and dress, and go—but I might wait till to-morrow.

Pillow—Wait a while. Don't your legs feel heavy?

Man—Luxuriously heavy, and my eyelids, too. Let's see, what was I thinking about?—What a jolly old boy you are!

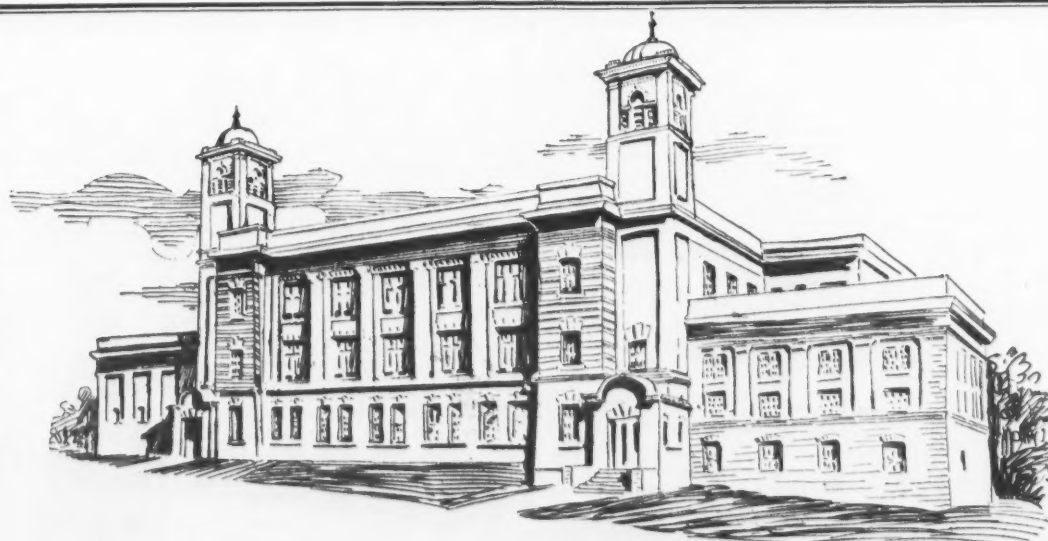
Pillow—Jolly old boy you are. Jolly old boy you are. (Aside.) He's leaning harder, now; he'll be asleep in no time.—"Contributors' Club."

Yet Another Chicago Fad.

A NEW fad among Chicago society women is the tattooing of their fair bodies. A few weeks ago a repulsive-looking little Japanese tattooer arrived in that city with letters of introduction from some of the smartest women in London and New York who had been tattooed by him recently. The Chicago women, of course, thought it would be the proper thing to follow suit. Now several are sending regrets when invited out owing to their wounds. This fad was first adopted by the Countess of Warwick and other fashionable London women, and it was taken up in New York. The Jap's letters easily gained for him entry into the most exclusive Chicago homes. At least six of the North Side set have had the initials of their fiancés or husbands or some sentimental symbol indelibly printed on their arms or shoulders. One of the best known has commissioned the Jap to tattoo a bracelet upon her wrist and to insert precious stones in the design. A similar operation, performed upon the Countess of Warwick, gave her the idea. As the Chicago woman is in mourning, and must therefore wear long sleeves and long gloves, she will be able to reserve for a while the sensation her barbaric ornamentation is bound to produce.

Can Premier Ross Manage a Charger?

Amongst its Coronation items the London "Daily Mail" announces that "sixty horses are being trained as mounts for the colonial Premiers and other distinguished visitors." Can this be true? asks the "Canadian Gazette." If so, we may expect some fun. A correspondent who claims to know assures us that no member of the Dominion or Provincial Cabinets who will be present has the remotest idea of equitation, and the same may be said, with scarcely an exception, of the officials of the several agricultural departments. Our correspondent adds: "Has this fact anything to do with the prevailing apathy to the improvement of cavalry and saddle horses in Canada?"



NEW MEDICAL BUILDING OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

To be erected facing the lawn between the Biological Building and the Library, and to be ready for occupation next year.

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Splendid new steamships fitted with
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4 TRIPS DAILY
(Except Sunday)

Steamers CHICORA and CORONA
On and after June 22 will leave Yonge Street
Dock (East Side), at 11 a.m., 2 p.m.,
and 4.45 p.m. for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston

connecting with New York Central and Hud-
son River R.R., Michigan Central R.R.,
Niagara Falls Park & River R.R., and Niagara
Gorge R.R. **JOHN F. O'NEILL, General Manager.**

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20 ROUND TRIPS On Sale At

A. F. WEBSTER'S

North-East Corner King and Yonge Streets

Excursion to Boston.

The West Shore Railroad will run
a popular excursion to Boston on Fri-
day, May 23, by regular trains, the
fare from Suspension Bridge or Buf-
falo only ten dollars (\$10) for the round
trip, tickets good for return up to and
including Monday, June 2.

See West Shore ticket agents for
further information.

Anecdotal.

J. Pierpont Morgan was showing
some friends through his kennels the
other day, and one of them expressed
great admiration for an imported set-
ter. "Yes, he's a fine dog. His name is
Russell Sage." "How did you come to
give him that name?" "Well, he never
loses a scent."

Secretary Hay's poem, "Little
Breeches," was frequently attributed
to the late Bret Harte. A young lady
once said to him: "I am highly pleased
to meet you, Mr. Harte. I have read
all your poems, but I have enjoyed
'Little Breeches' the most." "Pardon me,
madam," Harte is said to have re-
plied, "but you have put the 'Little
Breeches' on the wrong man."

On one of his later birthday anni-

"The Book Shop."

PLEASANT

MISSIVES

Dainty writing papers in charming
shades of gray, blue and cream are at
the "Book Shop," with the texture of
pieces of fine linen.

The "Book Shop" will be pleased to
supply them with or without stamped
initials, the stamping being done in
the "Book Shop" imprimery from a
special die of steel prepared to order.

Specimen sheets will be gladly mailed
to out-of-town customers who desire
"correct" stationery.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING ST. WEST.

versaries, United States Senator Hoar
wrote to William M. Evarts and con-
gratulated him upon his length of
years. In his reply, the aged lawyer
said it brought to mind an old lady in
New England, who had occasion to
write to a friend about some matter
of trifling importance, and when she
had reached the end of the twentieth
page awakened to the fact that she
had been rather diffuse, and added:
"Please excuse my longevity."

An amusing and somewhat curious
experience recently befell a certain
French painter, who shall be nameless.
He had gone to the Salon, accompanied
by a friend, who was a member of the
committee of selection, and who had
been instrumental in procuring the
acceptance of the painter's work. When
the artist came near his picture he ex-
claimed, "Good gracious! You are ex-
hibiting my picture the wrong side
up!" "Hush!" was the reply, "the
committee rejected it the other way
up."

In a national school near Ballybeg
the principal ruled his pupils with a
rod of iron. Although a really good
teacher, he was somewhat harsh in his
punishments, and rarely appeared to
have a due appreciation of youthful
spirits. One day he had occasion to
reprimand some senior boys for un-
seemly conduct, and ended his remarks:
"Owen Girvan, you are a worthless lad,
and there is a bad end before you; I'm
glad that I'm not your father." "Ter-
nawt half as glad as Ol am, sorr!" was
Owen's undutiful reply.

A story that might be true of pur-
chasing agents in more than one city
is told by the Brooklyn "Eagle." One
need not question its verity too closely,
for it has enough of humor to make it
worth retelling. A physician on the
city health commission ordered five
pounds of sponges. In the course of
time he received two sponges that
together weighed less than a pound.
Later he received a voucher for him to
sign in order that the contractor might
get his pay from the city. The physi-
cian refused to sign it. "Why won't
you sign?" asked the contractor. "Be-
cause the order calls for five pounds,
and the sponges you sent me don't
weigh more than five ounces." "Non-
sense, man! I weighed them myself."
"So did I. If you don't believe my fig-
ures, there are the sponges. Weigh
them yourself." "What!" cried the
contractor, looking at the shrunken
sponges. "You don't mean to say you
weighed them dry?"

In the diocese of Oxford, when the
late Dr. Stubbs was bishop, was a well-
known vicar, who was weakly allowing
himself to be swept into the vortex of
ritualism by "advanced" curates. He
felt his own weakness, and sought to
borrow backbone from his diocesan.
He wrote a three-sheet letter laying
the case before the bishop, explaining
that a parishioner had given curtains
to be placed on either side the altar,
where of old the Ten Commandments
and Belief had been blazoned on the
wall; that he felt offence would be
given to many old-fashioned folk if those
curtains were put up; that he himself
hesitated as to their need or propriety,
and so forth. No answer came, and
after a while a four-sheet letter fol-
lowed the first. This also failed to elicit
a word from Dr. Stubbs. Very
pathetic was the third letter, and yet
more full of the nervous flicker of the
good parson's uncertain mind. And
then came a telegram, short and sharp
as telegrams are bound to be: "Hang
the curtains—W. Oxon." If the vicar
needed backbone, he possessed the sav-
ing sense of humor. The Ten Com-
mandments yet shine in red and gold
on his chancel wall, and the altar in
parish church is certainless to this day.

A Plea For Courtesies.

Vagrant Notes. On Philandering.

HERE is heard from the "new
people" from time to time a re-
bellious flouting of what one
was brought up to consider the
absolutely necessary formalities of so-
cial intercourse. Every formality and
its origin in some courtly and gracious
thought, and the loss of the first idea
or the eternal ignorance of it is what
gives the cry a hearing when raised.
For instance, "Where is the sense,"
cries Madame Nouveau Riche, "in mak-
ing party and dinner and tea calls?
Isn't it enough to wear oneself out
rushing about to crushes, and eating
stupid dinners, and yawning through
stupid balls, without being forced to
pay idiotic visits afterwards?" What
started the fashion of party calls, any-
way? Just that old-fashioned courtesy
which sent the beaux and the belles,
especially the former, to enquire
whether the hostess had recovered from
her exertions to entertain and amuse
them. Could anything be more
pretty and graceful than such a reason?
Not that the latter-day hostess
deserves the consideration which her
ancestress so graciously earned. Who
cares now whether the hedge-podge of
guests that one invites, that one's
friends bring, that one scarcely knows
by sight and often not at all, are hap-
py, amused, congenially paired or
paired at all? The modern hostess dare
not introduce even callow youths to
homely or stupid-looking girls. It is
as much as her neck is worth to de-
mand that an ill-gowned or unknown
woman be taken to visit and prop-
riety fed, to enable her to withstand the
ravages of a danceless programme, an
empty stomach and a desire to nod in-
to dreamland. In the old days people
recognized some obligation to their
fellows; some voice of kindly humanity
was hearkened to and answered. Even
you and I can recall the dances when
there were no wallflowers, and where
homely girls were well treated and
men were less biased and bored in look-
ing after them than they now are,
lounging about lazily, yawning and
wondering why they came to the dance
at all. When chivalry dies out among
a people it is a bad thing; when it has
never been known it is hopeless. There
are many good things among the new
things, but there are better among the
old—things that nourish the kindness
that warms the heart and chastens the
will and makes for the happiness of
this great, pulsing world that needs to
be happy.

And, by the way, Society isn't stupid,

In The Jungle.



Tiger—I'm sorry I ate that "merry-go-round" man.
Lion—Why?
Tiger—He's started a revolution inside of me.

unless we are stupid. There is always
something to interest the willing mind,
something to touch the kindly heart,
something to amuse the thoughtful soul.
I never hear a man or woman yawning
and berating the ordinary entertain-
ments and amusements of the world,
where one amuses oneself, that I don't
feel like saying: "What did you do
for one day more?" I told her, "If you
knew you should be like 'Cuba libre'
to-morrow you could hold out, couldn't
you?" "Oh, yes, if I knew that, I
could hold out for a week."
"Then you just have an idea you can't
hold out because you don't want to," I
accused her, with all my heart in sym-
pathy with the dear Lord knows. And
the morrow—that is to-day—the other
woman is dead, and I am glad, and the
tumultuous woman is glad that she
kept silence for one day longer. We
can always master the one day; it's
the vista of days which we foolishly
conjure up before they come—the days
that we may never have to bear—that
break most of us down.

An artist took exception to the spell-
ing of Mahlistick, as set forth in the
club-book of the coterie of that name.
"Why the 'h'?" said he; "the word
comes from 'maiden,' to paint, and
should be spelled 'maiden-stick.' The other
artist said: 'Why not from 'maiden,'
to grind?' and then, who knew
nothing, looked up in the dictionary,
German and English, and found 'maiden-
stick' given as the proper spelling.
You pays your money and you takes
your choice. I wonder why the Mah-
listick Club preferred the 'h'."

"Now, be off, young fellow! I'll have
no philandering about here!" I wonder
how many ages it is since I heard
a rosy old Irish farmer deliver that
ultimatum? And the verb, to philan-
der, has been a sort of ever-broadening
conjugation to me ever since. Do
you know what it is to philander? It
not only should read a learned treatise
on the subject lately written by an
English journalist. It goes far beyond
the achievement of the milkmaid and
the plowboy of the Irish farm. To
philander is to flirt intellectually. A
philanderer must have a sympathetic
but not an emotional nature, an apt-
ness at idealizing, a cool head, absolute
discretion, an inviolable limit beyond
which philandering cannot pass, nerve
and resource, and cleverness of speech,
that the sparkle of wit and the trill
of laughter may be needed, save the
situation. One may philander peace-
fully in the cowslip meads, or philan-
der riskily on the edge of the conven-
tionalities; but, however it looks to the
outer world, it must be absolutely safe
and retrievable or it's not philandering.
Philandering is a bluff sometimes, and
ending as it begins, causes much
gnashing of teeth to tabbies and hyenas
waiting to pick the bones of the anti-
cipitated scandal. One may philander
for a week or a month, or twenty
years, so long as one knows the rules
of the game, and plays fair, and never
stakes real money, for one philanders
with the counters of the soul, do you
understand? When a crisis is im-
pending, when either one sees the other
transgressing the limits of philandering,
it is proper to throw down the
hand, leave the game at any stage, for
philandering is absolutely without ob-
ligation to continuance. To philan-
der one feigns all the real emotions, im-
agines all possible situations, but never
achieves them, plays the scale of sen-
timent, but in the wrong key, sings the
songs of Aeschylus with words that parody
serious emotions, quips and gibes,
and mocks and denies everything serious
and stupid. Thus is philandering,
and you may see it well or ill illus-
trated in society all about you. Only
a red-faced Irish farmer could be so
practical, so dense, and so unkind as
to banish the game from the
schedule. That here and there the foils
come off and there are bloodshed only
means that some raw recruit has en-
tered the philanderer's chain-armor of ex-
perience, control and cool philosophy.

"Show me a soul," demanded the un-
believing man, "and then I'll talk to me
about saving it." A woman handed him
a rose, and he inhaled its warm per-
fume. "What a glorious flower! what
a fragrance!" he cried. "Show me the
fragrance," said the woman, coldly;
"I don't believe in anything I can't
see." The man paused; he was not a
stupid man. "The soul is the frag-
rance of the life," he said, softly. "Not
so bad! Not so bad!" And then to
the woman he said, gently: "What a
lovely soul you have, dear!" For he of
all others, had best known her life.

LADY GAY.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Milly—My husband objects to this
bathing dress. Tilly—Oh, I don't see
much in it. Milly—Oh, it isn't that. It's
what you see out of it that he objects
to.

The Harvest.

What We Sow, That Shall We Also
Reap.

If We Err Punishment Is Sure to Follow—
Carelessness or Neglect of Our Bodies
Always Succeeded by Suffering.

It is an unalterable law of Nature
that sin is always punished.
One of the first duties of man is to
care for his body.

If we violate this law, Nature is sure
to visit us with swift and sure punish-
ment.

Sometimes a man or woman inherits
the seeds of Disease, which, in spite of
all care, will blossom into a harvest of
sickness and suffering some time dur-
ing his life.

But often, by ignorance or wilful
carelessness, he sows the seeds of Dis-
ease himself.

Perhaps no organ of the body suf-
fers more from this ignorant or indif-
ferent neglect than the Stomach.

Great meals of indigestible food, of-
ten poorly selected and poorly pre-
pared, are forced down without a
thought as to the Stomach's ability to
properly digest the heavy load.

Drinks too hot or too cold are swal-
lowed with never a care as to the prob-
able effect on the Stomach.

We eat too fast; we eat too much;
we over-load and over-tax the Stomach,
until it is no wonder that this
faithful servant sometimes cries out
in the voice of Heartburn, Sour Stomach,
Bloating or other symptoms—"Oh!
Give me a little chance to rest!"

Having sown the seeds of Disease by
this neglect, what harvest may we ex-
pect?

Pain in the Chest after meals; feel-
ing of weight and discomfort; Bloat-
ing, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite,
Bad Taste in the Mouth, Heartburn,
Headache, Palpitation of the Heart,
Skin Eruptions, Constipation, Puff-
iness, Sallow Complexion, Melancholy
and Irritability.

Truly an awful harvest!

How may all this be avoided?

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have satis-
factorily answered that question in
thousands of cases.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will in-
stantly relieve and permanently cure
any case of Stomach Trouble.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor
respects correspondents to observe the following
rules:—

1. The study must be of original matter, and
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will
be answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

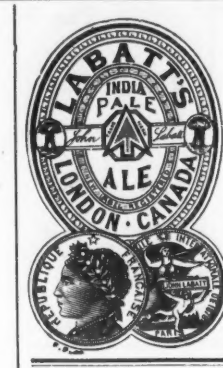
Mary Theresa—I. Why should I for-
get the Divine remembrance? How tightly
we have to cling to the Divine above us
and to the little of the Divine we find
within us, is a very good remark, only
that I object to the Divine being cranked
of the neck to some vague height. I
had said "around" instead of "above."
Now, God is around us, on every side—
Divine is in the air, we breathe it.
Your writing is very eloquent. It has
soaring ambition, desire and design to
inspire, a strongly pessimistic turn,
and some tendency to conservatism of
mind, great energy and brightness,
some pride, conscientiousness and
determination to overcome them. Never look
clear and decided thought. It is a re-
fined and very suggestive study.

Madame Stupidity.—To know your
shortcomings is only of use if it spurs
you on to overcome them. Never look
back; you ask what those little humps
on the final mean. Tenacity, obstinacy
of conviction, and sometimes—not in this
case—selfishness. Your writing is in the
second stage of development, and does
not look quite natural to me. "There is
a lack of principle in your writing pur-
pose, but there is also a good deal of
cleverness. Do I believe that 'as a
man thinks so he is?' Certainly; our
thoughts reveal us to ourselves. It's a
bad revelation sometimes, my girl. The
twenty-ninth of September brings you
under Libra, a sign most merciful in
temperament and needing hardly to cul-
tivate poise and self-discipline. Libra
people are subject to violent ups and
downs."

W.A.H.—A careless and easygoing way
of life, with a suggestion of self and an
absence of reserve, is shown. Writer has
a good deal of sentiment, and can be
lavish of them. There is a good deal of
business head on your shoulders, and
good sequence of ideas in it. It isn't a
dominant hand; the love of ruling is not
in you, and I don't think you'll ever make
a deep mark on the sands of time. You
are not narrow, and give and take in
life's battle with fairness and philosophy.
There is a personal independence about
you which is admirable, and a frankness
of expression that attracts. The will
and purpose are markedly light, and
other inconstancy is suggested. Culture,
sense of proportion, justice, and sym-
pathy, and some taste and love of the
beautiful are shown.

The One.—Your writing is still full of
the waverings and contradictions of
youth, but it shows some excellent traits;
an ambition to rise, dominate and suc-
ceed, honesty and courage, frankness, cau-
tion in dealings, care for detail and
excellent temper. I see the making of
a rather noble type of man in you.

The Other One.—You dear lad (twice),
you! Never mind, you can grow over
"The One," because, though you're the
same age, there is just twice as much
in your writing as in his. I have no
doubt he will attack the world more
aggressively, but you may win by a
charm he will never understand. Good
luck to you! I hope some day you'll
be let follow your bent, though it may
be a long day. You are adaptable any-
way, so you may wish to do as you
must, not as you would, with a good
grace. To be a favorite isn't always
the highest test. The lonely lives are

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED
LABATT'S

ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

the great ones. Some day I hope you
kiddies will write to me again. I have
a strong weakness for twins. You're
all right, you know, and will do things
yet! I hope "The One" won't punch
your head for you when he reads what
I've said to you.

Rafurnel.—Sounds like an Indian idol.
Did I decipher it correctly? It shows
marked decision, caution, and consid-
erable experience. The mind is bright
and some imagination is shown. Writer
is eminently a man of thought,
with a careful method and an evenly-
balanced mind, reasonably cheerful,
utterly without "frills," probably philo-
sophical, somewhat open to sentiment,
but never weakly so, adaptable and
though kind and sweet-tempered, devoid
of grace of expression and tact. Say,
do I know you?

Simplicity.—I. Why "dissecting knife?"
Are you a "dead one," or do you feel
so sure I shall cut you up? 2. Your
study shows concentration and discre-
tion, sympathy and pleasant temper,
caution and lack of perseverance
to carry out your ideas. You have
splendid vitality and great force of im-
pulse, clear thought and good sequence
of ideas, and a strong tendency to
you will ever climb—but you have lots
of company in that respect. If you
could avoid wasted effort and slightly
caution and lack of tact. There lack
interesting character. There are taste,
ingratiating method and love of beauty
in your very lively lines. Cut out these
stringy tails. They don't mean a nice
thing at all. Your birthday comes under
Leo, the August sign, and you can
make a fine thing of yourself or be just
the meanest man alive. No sign has
the heights and the depths so soaring
and so abyssal.

Paddy.—I wasn't able to go to that
concert, my good Patricia. Your writ-
ing is almost over-enthusiastic in its
strength, with great self-assertion, lack
of buoyancy, strong and dominant will,
thought and lack of tact. There lack
you many of the prettier traits, but no
one had better chide you for that, or
they'll get the worst of it. Fairly good
thought and great ambition are sug-
gested. It isn't a very ancient study.

Oiseau.—My month of birth is Janu-
ary," you remark. That doesn't interest
me. January has 31 days, and I can't
readily fix on which belongs to you. So
the "irrelevant thought thrown in" is
hereby thrown out. While your writing
is frank and sincere, it isn't particularly
eloquent, and shows a good many crude
lines. I think it isn't the effort of a
full-grown mind. You love power and
will perhaps achieve it, and have am-
bition and ability to rise in any work
requiring force of will and effort. The
more airy matters of the law are yet hid
from you. I think I won't say any more
about you for some years.

Pat.—Say, Irish, won't you please give
up putting an "a" in correspondence
and correspondent and I'll like you ever
so much better. Come now! So you
want your "ritin red?" Well, you shall
have it. In the first place, it's not de-
veloped, and if I tell you all sorts of
things you can reflect that the juvenile
writing often looks murderous when it's
only got growing pains. Yours is senti-
mental, unreliable, mistrustful, without
any sense, honest and open, but quite
lacking inspiration. You think a bit and
arrive at just conclusions, but you'll
never get the "know no-doubt" at your
present gait. Your mind wobbles, leans,
and is wavering. The crosses on your
face make my corns ache. Oh, go away!
What am I doing but foolishness trying
to do you?

A Nov. Kid.—What's the first thing
you look at? Not the Rules, I'll wager,
or you would not have forgotten to en-
close a coupon. Try again, you nice
November kid, and next time don't write
on lines, or into the W.P.B. you will
surely go! Do I tell character by the
matter or the manner of the writing?
The latter, good kid, which is sometimes
lucky for the victims of my operations.

Sis.—What a question! My dear Sis,
the world is full of people who can't
keep their mouths shut! Be the shining
exception and bless all the weary-eyed
ones who are sick of gabblers. I can
object to believe that you are otherwise
than charmingly sympathetic and sweet,
and I don't at all wonder that people
love to talk to you, and tell you about
themselves. If you have troubles, keep
them sacredly to yourself. I've tried
that way, and it is quite the better plan.
Your writing shows concentration, re-
solute, sympathy, love of the ideal, grace
and refinement. You may be a bit
fickle, but you are always gentle and
pleasant, and in your own way have
plenty of energy and enterprise. I think
if I had some of your lines I'd be so
pleased with myself that my hats
wouldn't fit me. I think I shall ask
you to continue this correspondence.

Pyn.—It's not a very logical or original
one, but has its points. You are with-
out the graces, but have good strength,
and honest straightforward ways. You
don't think very logically, and are apt
to be influenced by sudden impulse rather
than fixed principles. Get your ideas
together a bit, and keep your attention on
a fixed line until you have reached some
definite conclusion. You are practical,
quick and decisive, not at all impractical,
and if sympathetic find difficulty in ex-
pression; marked self-assertion and an
absence of moods are shown, but the
tendency is pessimistic.

Caroline.—Are you not of near kin to
Pyn? If so, you may consider that,
though your ideas are more logical and
consequently a trifle less
cornerwise, the answer I gave him or
her will answer well for you. I should
fancy you were sisters, at least.

Elaine.—No, I haven't been there, but
some one sends me flowers from the
prairies each Spring, and I can fancy
how lovely they must be, all a-blowing
and a-growing. Do you know, I have
the greatest dislike to pluck a flower,
though perhaps I'd feel like gathering
some safely in off the lovely lands you
tell about. Yours is a very fine study—
strong, practical, dominating and full of
vital and self-reliance—no posing or sen-
timentalizing about it at all. Discretion
and almost manlike tone are seen, with

force and strength of purpose, truth and
sense of honor, an upright, downright
good sort all round!

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fluus
Hair

Is unsightly. Why suffer it when we
can remove it painlessly and per-
manently. Our scientific
FACE MASSAGE TREATMENT
renders the skin soft and "peachy."
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Liver Complications, Etc.

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sage.

Physicians are solicited to correspond
with Dr. McCoy, Physician in charge.

The Breakfast State of Mind.

WHY is breakfast "the most trying meal of the day?" asks a writer in the "Spectator." Why are people irritable at breakfast and disinclined to talk? Is it possible, perhaps, that there exists a particular breakfast bacillus, which thrives in the presence of bacon, coffee and buttered toast, and which attacks everybody who comes into the room where it lives, with a varying effect upon different constitutions? For the breakfast state of mind varies with different persons. There are several distinct classes into which the prevalent symptoms seem to fall. People do not behave in the same way at breakfast as at other meals, and though at dinner their moods may be practically indistinguishable from the states of mind of diners, that is, do not vary—at breakfast they conduct themselves as differently as possible. There are some people, for instance, who are in offensively high spirits early in the morning; in a state of health, in short, which really is rightly described as rude. You can hear them coming downstairs, no matter how far the stairs are away from the dining-room, after slamming their bedroom doors with a resounding bang. They open the dining-room door as if they were pursued by a policeman, and they probably slap their male friends on the back in an extremely provocative manner. During breakfast itself, while consuming great quantities of all kinds of food, they comment loudly on the small appetites of others, and insist upon drawing the attention of those who clearly wish to eat very little to the presence of everything which is edible in the room. They appear to be perfectly unconscious of the amount of suffering which their splendidly healthy habits inflict upon other persons of less robust constitutions, and are only able to suggest, in answer to possible complaints of a headache, that the complainant should resort to the particular dishes of which they have themselves eaten, and which they invariably describe as "quite excellent."

If the frame of mind of the rule and boisterous breakfaster is one extreme, the other extreme is the mental state of the man who goes through the meal in a condition of profound depression. He glances vaguely and incomprehensibly at a succession of dishes, eventually taking the smallest possible amount of the dish that is easiest to get on with. He does not speak unless someone speaks to him, when he either answers shortly and sadly, or more often, with obviously forced merriment and inconsequent laughter. Or—and perhaps this variant of the breakfast state of mind is a more striking antithesis to the rudely boisterous—his unbalanced mental attitude may be one of suppressed fury. Men have been known who every morning of their lives hold a kind of review of their acquaintances and friends, and in some cases of those whom they employ. They occupy the breakfast hour in passing, so to speak, down the front and rear ranks, and in trenchantly summing up the habits and qualifications of every man reviewed, ending in each case with the verdict that "he is an ass." Probably he is nothing of the kind; later in the day, indeed, he may be come endowed with all the virtues, but from eight o'clock in the morning until he possesses for the furious breakfaster no characteristics except those of the idiot, or, in exceptional cases, of the professional robber. Of course, between the extremes of the rudely boisterous and the profoundly depressed or trenchantly furious breakfast states of mind, there are others as definite. The curious case came under the observation of the present writer of a man who, although in every respect temperate and healthy, did not find himself able to breakfast until everyone else had finished. He was accustomed to get up at the same time as everyone else, but knowing that others staying in the same house were breakfasting in the ordinary way downstairs, he would pace up and down his room waiting until a footman, specially instructed, brought in the news that breakfast was over. He would then enter the dining-room with an excellent appetite, which, however, failed him completely should any fellow-guest by chance return to the room. But nothing, in any case, exhausted his patience; if it happened that a late riser remained at the breakfast-table half an hour longer than the rest, he accepted the situation with complete equanimity; nor, upon any consideration, would he consent to breakfast in his own room, or anywhere except at a deserted table.

There are other and more or less comprehensible states of mind; as, for instance, the dislike which some persons have of watching other people eat porridge; the unhappiness which possesses some breakfasters, usually journalists, unless they are allowed to walk up and down the room in silence; the extreme difficulty which some men find in breakfasting in a room in which there is a looking-glass; and the strange mental condition which, at whatever time they may happen to come down to the dining-room, impels

some persons to but one desire—namely, to get the thing over as soon as possible. "Early or late, winter or summer, work or holidays, two damns and a cup of coffee—that's my breakfast," was the succinct comment of one who invariably began the day in a quite unnecessary hurry.

Health For Little Ones.

Baby's Own Tablets Make Children Well and Keep Them Well.

If your children are subject to colic, indigestion or any stomach trouble; if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this to-day for thousands of children in all parts of the country. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. She is now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones." These Tablets are good for children of all ages, and, dissolved in water or crushed to a powder, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Stupidity of Instinct.

ARE insects, bees for instance, so very intelligent after all, or does their instinct resemble automata instead of reason? (Mr. J. Carter Beard has assembled a number of interesting instances in the "Scientific American" which lead to the conclusion that the wonderful results often accomplished by insects are due, not to intelligence, but to automatic obedience to external or internal stimuli. We might as well, he thinks, call a watch intelligent as an insect.)

In one instance it appears that house-flies exhibit more appearance of real intelligence than do honey-bees. Take a large glass jar with a wide mouth, says Mr. Beard, and imprison in it a bee and some flies. Put the bottom of the jar against a window-panes, draw the curtains around the jar and then unhook the mouth. The flies will quickly find their way out of the open mouth into the room, but the bee will stupidly continue to try to get through the glass where it sees the light and will never think of exploring in the other direction. But perhaps this shows, not superior intelligence on the part of the flies, but less attraction to the light or a greater variety of stimuli to motion.

The bee's whole existence seems to depend upon routine. She always does the same things in the same way and exhibits no capacity to profit by, or repair the effects of, accident. Mason bees, for instance, build little thimble-shaped structures of mud, half fill them with honey and pollen, then lay their eggs therein and top off the construction with a roof. If a hole is made in the bottom of one of these thimbles while the building is going on, and the honey is allowed to run out, the stupid bee, even after discovering the hole, makes no attempt to stop it up, but continues to pour in the honey at the top, allowing it to run away at the bottom, until the proper amount required by instinct having been put in, she lays her eggs and seals up the top, content with her vain labor.

Many other instances can be cited which tend to show that the instinct of insects does not resemble human reason.

On the other hand, insects sometimes do things which do not seem to be the result of pure automatism. Darwin found that even earthworms exhibit adaptability to circumstances than was shown by Mr. Beard's imprisoned bee in the glass jar.

Lumbago.

A Nova Scotia Man Has Found A Sure Remedy.

Claims That Lumbago Can be Cured—He Himself Had Suffered For 25 Years—Hope For Apparently Hopeless Cases.

Economy Point, N.S., June 9.—(Special.)—Mr. George S. McLaughlin of this place claims to have found a remedy which will cure any case of Lumbago.

Mr. McLaughlin himself has been a great sufferer with this disease, and has sought relief in very many treatments and remedies.

At last, however, he came across a medicine which completely cured him, and which he claims any sufferer from Lumbago should be told of.

He says: "I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more. Sometimes it was so severe I could not turn myself in bed."

"A slight cold or hard lifting would bring on a fearful attack and give me awful pain."

"I had tried many medicines and treatments, but never found anything to do me any good until I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"My brother, who kept a small grocery store and sold some medicines, told me that he had heard that they had cured a great many people of Lumbago, and he advised me to try them."

"I commenced a treatment, and in a short time all the pain left my back, and it became as stout and strong as ever."

"Wonderful to say, I have had no return of the terrible Lumbago since. It is now some years since I was cured, and I have said nothing about it, for I was afraid it would come back, and that I would have to keep on using the Pills in order to be well."

"But now I am satisfied it is gone forever, and know that I am safe in making this public statement."

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Lumbago or Lame Back, for they helped me out, and nobody could have it much worse than I had."



"I'd like to know how they knew we had just been married."

Wild Animals I Do Not Want to Know.

IN the days of the Ark, they of the animal kingdom were admitted, two by two, on suzerainty. In Paradise, they sported at harmless, mythical ease, untroubled by man and his theories. But the antediluvian days passed by. The animals became as man, knowing good and evil, and having, moreover, ways of their own. It all began with the flood. Up to that time they were roughly classed as "cattle and everything after their kind." They were to be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth, and man was to rule over them. So went they into the Ark, two by two; but so, alas, came they not out. They have been fruitful; they have multiplied, and filled the earth; and to-day man, their master, is prostrate before them. He studies their ways, prowling through underbrush, on all fours, to observe them sporting on their native heath. He wriggles on his stomach. No position is too humble for him, no attitude too cramped. He is gathering material for the next new popular book on animals.

One cannot help wondering a little how it has come about. Hints of it crop out in the Old Testament—after the flood. The animals are no longer creeping things and cattle after their kind. They are found taking on names and a certain individuality. There is the ram caught by its horns to serve in Isaac on the altar of sacrifice, and the bears that eat up bad little children, and the Ass that speaks, and the Lions of Daniel, and the Whale of Jonah. All these are historical personages, with David and Saul and Noah—with the strange winged creature of Ezekiel, and Apocalyptic visions of beasts with heads and horns and crowns and candlesticks and Scarlet Women.

The biblical writers did not hesitate, it would seem, to draw on the animal kingdom when necessary to make clear the ways of God to man. With a fine disregard of zoology and facts, they drove home the truth. And their words live even to this day. But animal lore has changed. We are asked to give up Jonah and the whale, as being a tax on credulity. We are offered, in place of it, either "Wild Animals That I Have Known" or "The Outcasts." The bears of Elijah the prophet are replaced by "The Bears of Blue River" by the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And Balaam's Ass becomes a Coyote whose favorite message is "Yip-ki-ki-Yah!"

Imagination, like Jerusalem, has waxed fat and kicked. Perhaps the Jungle Books did it. Aesop is too far away and too excellent to be held responsible for the hordes let loose on us. Like the biblical animals of old, the animals of Aesop existed for a purpose—flashlights on the heart of man. The cunning fox existed to point a moral and adorn a tale. This done, they disappeared once more in the brushwood of fancy whence they came. The Jungle Books too have their master-word—the Law of the Jungle. It shines through them.



Indigestion

and nervousness are often the result of hurried meals.

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stimulates and tones the digestive organs enabling the stomach to digest perfectly. Those who suffer will find Abbey's Salt a perfect corrective of all stomach disorders. Dyspepsia cannot be cured by doctoring the effect. Abbey's Salt removes the causes by enabling the stomach to do its work properly.—A mild laxative. At all druggists.

But these newer animals—what shall one say of them?—the deer and the caribou and the buffalo and the horse and the bull-terrier and the fawn and the doe and the moose and the buck and the spike-horn and the fox and the wolf-dog and the canary bird. They bring neither the nutty kernel of Aesop nor the fresh, sweet smell of the Jungle. Made up in equal parts of fact and straining imagination, they have no message of beauty or of truth.

Who that has once known him will forget Kaa, the wise old serpent, or Bagheera, leaping with light paws at the time of the spring running, or Mowgli, crossing the moonlight with Gray Brothers at his heels and the skin of Shere Khan poised deftly on his swaying head? But who shall hope to remember the new ones?—Jennette Barbour Perry in "Critic."

The following is copied from the Nassau "Guardian" and Bahama Islands "Advocate," and shows that Salada is for sale everywhere:

Salada.

"The shades of night were falling fast," As down the street a good wife passed, And in her hand she bore a charm, To keep her husband safe from harm, Salada.

Her "brow was" glad; her loving mate, She knew could meet her at the gate. He loved his "cup" like other men, Salada.

"In happy homes (she) saw the light" Of stars that glowed, And kettles bright. All boiling hard as hard could be, For why? their inmates all drank tea, Salada.

"Try not," Oolong, the Grocer said, "This is the tea that soothes the head, Even Lipton must his 'Brands' give up, Since he has failed to lift the Cup," Salada.

"O, stay," her neighbor said, "and take Just one more slip for friendship sake," She thought of home—"My husband's there, Without his tea he will despair," Salada.

"Beware" the stuff, they sell in trade; Don't buy at all, until you're made Quite sure it's stamped in letter plain As guarantee the famous name, Salada.

"At break of day" when good wives rise, There is one thing they greatly prize, And that's a cup of liquid bliss, And if you wish to know, 'tis this, Salada.

A traveler "from across the pond," On afternoons of tea was fond, The good wife told her where to find A tea that's unexcelled in kind, Salada.

"There in the twilight" they did part, And each one pondered, in her heart, The fact that all the finest tea Was at The Model Grocery, Salada.

Interpreting Dreams.

"CAN you interpret dreams?" asked Beatrice, eagerly. I could not, but I saw no reason why I should make the confession.

"Certainly," I replied; "I never fail." "Oh, I'm so glad," she returned. "Lately I've been dreaming such a lot, and—well, I'm sure there must be something in it."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," I said, thinking of those charming, if slightly indigestible suppers which we had been having.

"Perhaps if you could tell me some of the dreams," I suggested.

"Well, last night I narrowly escaped being run to death in a fire in the house at which I was staying."

"No difficulty there," I said promptly. "It means marriage."

"Not—no death?" she asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Death? No. What put that into your head?"

"The night before I dreamed that I saw a coffin and—"

"My dear Bea! You must allow me to congratulate you."

"Why?"

"It is quite evident that you are to be married soon. The coffin is—er—marriage again."

"A second marriage?"

"No—I mean it corroborates the first."

She looked at me with some distrust. "I hope you know what you are talking about. The coffin couldn't very well corroborate the first, as it came first, and—"

"Ah, you don't understand dreams." I cut in, anxious to restore her faith in my powers. "In real life, of course, the corroboration couldn't come first, but it's quite different in dream life."

"Oh—oh!" She waited for a moment or two and then added: "I suppose dreams always mean something exactly opposite?"

She seemed anxious that I should answer the question in the affirmative, so, of course, I hastened to do so.

"That is the case. I never heard of a dream episode being enacted in real life."

She gave a sigh of relief, I imagined.

"Three nights ago I dreamed that I was being married," she said. "What did that mean? That I am to be an old maid?"

"It meant," I said, and then

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paused. It was my earnest wish that she should be married to me.

"I'm sure I have puzzled you now."

"Anything but," I returned. "I was only wondering whether—was the man fair or dark?"

"Dreams always go by contraries, you said," she remarked, studying my golden locks intently. "Yes; he was fair, very fair."

"Tall or short?"

She took in my six feet one.

"Tall."

"Stout or thin?"

"Medium."

"Very like—"

"Very like yourself," she interrupted.

"But of course that doesn't matter, so far as I can see. All I want to know is, what does dreaming about marriage mean? You say that it can't mean marriage?"

"I didn't say anything of the sort, Bea. It—er—does mean marriage. The only question is as to the man you are going to marry. That's why I required a particular description of him."

"You certainly said that a dream must mean the opposite," she insisted.

"But surely you don't mean to hold me down to a foolish statement of that kind."

"A foolish statement! Why, Hugh, I thought—do you know anything about dreams at all?" she asked, suspiciously.

"To be candid, I do not, Bea. But—"

"Well, I'm sorry that we have wasted so much time," she said. "I'm going now to see Aunt Sarah. I'm sure she knows all about dreams, and—and that coffin really troubles me."

"Don't go," I implored. "The fact is, Bea, I can help you—if you'll let me."

"I gave you the opportunity," she said.

"Oh, I know, but I can't—I mean—I—"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that I can interpret your coffin dream for—"

"But you admitted a moment ago that you couldn't," she said, looking at me tantalizingly.

"You might allow me to finish," I said. "The dream may mean marriage or not. But you can make it mean marriage if you like."

She looked mystified.

"Marry me," I said, "and then—and—"

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on the back of Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.

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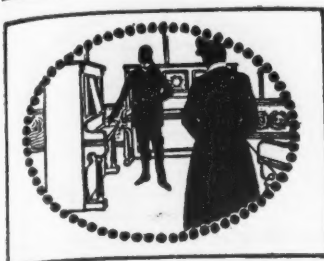
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Special Right from our own buyer in London (England) a choice parcel of ladies' Manilla—Panama—and Straw Brades—Coronation favorites—SEE THEM.

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Social and Personal.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 11th inst., Mr. Neil C. McGregor of Whitby, Ont., was married to Miss Penelope (Dolly) Greene, daughter of Mr. Thomas G. Greene, sr., at 41 Kensington avenue, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. G. A. Kuhring of the Church of the Ascension, with which both the young people were connected. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for a honeymoon in the South, at the end of which they will make their home in Kensington avenue, in this city.

Mrs. Donald Macnoughton, Nanawee, is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Reed, at the Queen's.

Rev. F. A. Homer, Dormston, Sedgley, England, has arrived on a visit to Canada, and is the guest of Mrs. Homer-Dixon, Walmer road.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles is forming his usual sketching class for July and August. This year the class will work in the vicinity of Burlington. A small launch is to be available for excursions in search of the picturesque. Mrs. Knowles will accompany the class. Those wishing for this useful and delightful summer sketching experience should let Mr. Knowles have their names immediately, as the number is limited. All arrangements are made by him for board and tuition.

The ladies who planned the picturesque Shim Boi Kai last year and the successful and jolly progressive charity euchre at McConkey's in aid of the Western Hospital have a garden party on the tapis just now. The date is June 21. The Band of the 48th Highlanders will give one of those concerts "en plein air" over which our neighbors to the south have gone wild. Decorations and illuminations will be, as always, well done. On the whole, with the warm weather promised, the garden party in the grounds of the hospital, Bathurst street, will be a great success.

Varsity commencement took place yesterday in the gym, at half-past two o'clock.

Dr. Charles Riggs and his party are, I hear, to leave to-day for Bobcaygeon. Dr. and Mrs. Murray McFarlane are also going to spend some time fishing in that vicinity.

Mr. R. S. Williams, C.B. of C., was in town for the Board of Trade banquet. Dr. Sheard and his family are at their Island residence. Their Jarvis street home is altogether unrecognizable, with its new face on, a very handsome and imposing face, too.

Dr. and Mrs. Small are home from their wedding trip. Mrs. Stanley Clark is at the Welland. Mrs. Ham and her brother, Mr. J. Knighton Chase, are going to St. Catharines to-day for a short stay. Mr. Chase leaves for England next Thursday. He will be much missed as one of the jolliest visitors whom we have welcomed in a very long time.

Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell (nee Buchanan) held her first receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoons. Mrs. R. L. Johnston (nee Craig) also held her post-nuptial receptions on the same afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have returned from a long visit south. Mrs. Hamilton is going west to visit her people.

Hon. W. S. Fielding ran up to Toronto for Sunday to see his young daughter, who is at school here, before leaving for the Coronation, and returned to Ottawa at 10 p.m.

Several interesting golf matches have recently been played. One meets the little scarlet coats everywhere, and their bright and happy wearers seem always to be full of enjoyment of the game, even if beaten at it.

Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Drummond of Kingston have taken Professor Wynn's house in Jarvis street for the summer.

Bishop and Mrs. Audrey of Japan and Lady Pearson have been the guests of Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, during their stay in town.

The marriage of Miss Jarvis and Mr. Laurie Boyd is to take place this afternoon in St. Simon's Church, Howard street. It is safe to say that no fairer bride has knelt for the church's blessing in this city for many a day than this sweet and amiable girl, who has the most sincere and affectionate wishes for her happiness from hundreds of friends.

A successful recital was given on Tuesday night at the Toronto Junction College of Music by piano pupils of Miss Macmillan, when a crowded house showed its appreciation of the character of the programme by prolonged applause after many of the numbers. Assistance was given by Miss Margaret Nelson, soprano; Mr. Wilbur Hamer, baritone; and Miss George Mervy, reader. The closing concert will be given on June 24.

Sir Charles Ross and Lady Ross were in town this week, guests at the Queen's Hotel.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Evelyn

Louise Perrin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poyntz Perrin, and Mr. Elliott Sterling Dean were married by Rev. Carey Ward in St. Peter's Church, Carlton street. The church was decorated with white blossoms, and a smart company assembled to witness the marriage at half-past two o'clock. It was a simple and unpretentious wedding, but graced by a beautiful and girlish looking bride, in a dainty little bridal gown of sheer and silky white mousseline, with many little tucks and frills, a soft cloud of tulle over her pretty fair hair, and the orthodox crown of orange blossoms becomingly set over all. The bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley, and the only jewels worn by the bride were pearls, in a long neck-chain. Her bridesmaids were Miss Florence Bird and Miss Gladys Walker, and the sweet little maid of honor winsome Miss Alleyne Birchall of Montreal. These three young girls wore white organdie touched with pink, and picture hats of white tulle, and carried pink roses. Mr. Melton H. Jennings was groomsmen, and Mr. Charles Evans-Lewis, Mr. George Kelly, Mr. Harry Martin and Mr. Walter Sadler were the four ushers. A reception was held after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents in Bleecker street. Mr. and Mrs. Dean went across the lake on the later afternoon boat to Niagara to begin their honeymoon. They will make their home in Toronto.

There will be a garden party at Trinity College on June 21, for which cards are out this week.

A most sumptuous gown was made by Mrs. Bishop for Mrs. Harry Pellatt's presentation at the King's drawing-room after the coronation, and a description of the beautiful dress may interest Mrs. Pellatt's many friends here. A princess robe of richest ivory satin, with the skirt flaring from knee to hem, and each seam joined with open embroidery over a triple underskirt of white tulle, chiffon and real Chantilly falling deeply in a circular design. The robe was deeply flounced with handsome rose point, slightly festooned above which were trails of embroidered roses; full in front and tapering toward the train. Rose point lace formed the bertha, with more of the "roses brodees" and armet band of lace and roses embroidered in smaller design. The court train about twelve feet in length, was caught to the left shoulder and just below the right waistline. The same open embroidery attached the widths of the court train, and it was lined with foamy ruffles of white chiffon over tulle; the lace and roses of the princess robe were duplicated on the court train. To the unimaginative mind these meagre details will not convey much, but to those who know Mrs. Pellatt and admire her many fine points, particularly the wonder of her plentiful golden hair, it will not be difficult to feel a bit proud of Toronto's representative when she makes her court courtesies.

The Premier of Ontario and his son, Mr. Will Ross, sailed to-day for the Coronation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright, who have been at the Arlington since their return from their honeymoon, are spending the summer on the Island.

Mr. Vaux Chadwick has rented his Island cottage for the season to a party of young bachelors, who are having a grand time.

Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet is enjoying a visit from her mother at her home in St. George street.

Mrs. John I. Davidson was prevented from going down with the party who presented the flag at Quebec by a slight indisposition. Her disappointment may be imagined, and was fully shared in by the ladies with whom she has worked so faithfully for the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Hall are down from Dawson City on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall at Hahmman Villa, Jarvis street.

Colonel Macpherson and Rev. Dr. Herridge of Ottawa are the guests of Mr. Osborne of Clover Hill.

Mr. Dahl Laurie, son of Mrs. John Laurie of 990 Dorchester street, Montreal, and Miss Blanche Cobban, were married last Tuesday in Montreal. Mr. Laurie is a relative of the Windyway family here, and his marriage interested many Toronto friends.

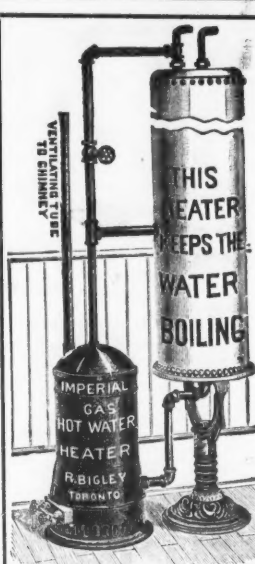
Lady Beverley Robinson left the other day for a visit in Brantford. I hear that Sir Charles and Lady Robinson are going to reside in England.

Mr. Mackenzie took a party of eight up to Winnipeg on his private car as soon as the Daughters of the Empire got back from Quebec.

Mr. Lloyd Harris of Brantford is taking a course at Stanley Barracks.

Mrs. Bruce Harmon is going to Lake Memphremagog for the vacation. Mrs. Handyside of Montreal will join her there.

The prettiest wedding of the season took place in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Wednesday, when Mr. Charles Manuel Meek of Toronto and Miss Edith Jane, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Whyte, were married. The



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For the safety and convenience of his guests the proprietor has recently installed five of the latest **SICHE GAS** plants, one for each residence, besides a special plant for one of his fleet of boats. This latest improvement has put "Minnigog" in the front rank on perhaps the only point on which it may have been said to be lacking, and the equipment may now be considered perfect in every detail.

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church was beautifully decorated with palms and lilies of the valley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Duval. Mr. Toiler of Toronto was groomsmen, and Miss Lulu Smith, Port Arthur, and Miss Whyte, sister of the bride, bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Meek left on the private car "Earncliffe" for the west coast, Colorado, Vancouver and San Francisco.

Thrilling Moments.
"Johnnie," called the mother; "I want you to go to the store for me."
"Wait a second, maw," replied the youth, who was absorbed in a five-cent volume; "Pepperhole Pete has

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They're the only thing now for a summer tour—they're so perfect that there's positively no trouble or expense in running one.

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On and after June 3 Steamer Toronto will leave Toronto 4 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On and after June 16 Steamer Toronto Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Steamer Kingston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, 1,000 Island Points, Rapids, St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Tadoussac and Saguenay River.

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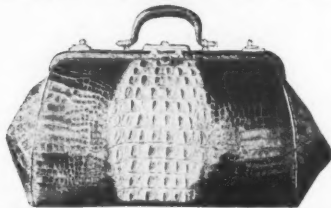


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Social and Personal.

The ideal cottage and grounds of Mr. Thomas Davies, overlooking the lake at Victoria Park, was the scene of a very enjoyable gathering on Saturday afternoon last, the occasion being the picnic of St. James' Square Church choir. Notwithstanding the threatening weather, the choir was out in large numbers. The chief feature of the afternoon's entertainment was an exciting game of ball played on the

front lawn, in which the tenor and bass soloists vied with each other in making a success of their own side and in furnishing the most diversion for the whole party. During proceedings two of the party were missed. It was discovered that they had visited the course of the annual cursors. A very delicious supper was served on the spacious verandah, which was prettily decorated with hunting and flags. Much credit is due the committee, especially Mr. T. Alexander Davies and Mr.

Chrystal Brown, for the able manner in which arrangements were accomplished.

Miss Daisy Smallpiece of Parkdale has returned home from a few weeks' visit to Boston.

Mrs. Arthur Wellington Draper of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mills, of 343 Danforth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harcourt Hunt have returned to the city and are now settled in their new home, 767 Euclid avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson and family of 264 Dovercourt road have gone on a tour through Manitoba, and intend to return by way of St. Paul and Chicago.

Major G. A. Stimson sailed for England by the "Tunislan." Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh left last Saturday for England.

Mrs. R. J. Drummond of Perth came down for the Caldwell-Winnett wedding, and is visiting Mrs. J. H. Burns of Grosvenor street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nellie Storey, daughter of Mr. Charles Storey, to Dr. Stanley T. Floyd, Toronto.

One of Toronto's fair visitors to Hamilton during race week was Mrs. W. A. Milligan, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Harper.

At St. Catharines on Saturday afternoon there was a large and fashionable gathering, on the occasion of the formal opening of the new club house of the Alexander Golf Club. The house is especially adapted for club purposes, possessing a cosy reception-room, with fireplace, two dressing-rooms, shower-bath and kitchen, the whole surrounded by a spacious verandah. The reception committee consisted of Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. A. Woodruff, Mrs. Crombie and Mrs. Camp. The refreshments were in charge of Mrs. Neelon, Mrs. W. J. Robertson and Mrs. J. S. Campbell, assisted by the Misses Helliwell, Healy, Miller, Peterson, Gilleland, Marquis and Lampman. An orchestra supplied delightful music continuously from four o'clock until 9.30. Over three hundred were present. Among the out-of-town guests were noticed those from Thorold, Buffalo, Toronto, Carleton Place, Montreal, Gilmory, North Wales, and Calcutta, India. The members are to be congratulated upon the success of their entertainment, many pronouncing it the most enjoyable affair held in St. Catharines for some time.

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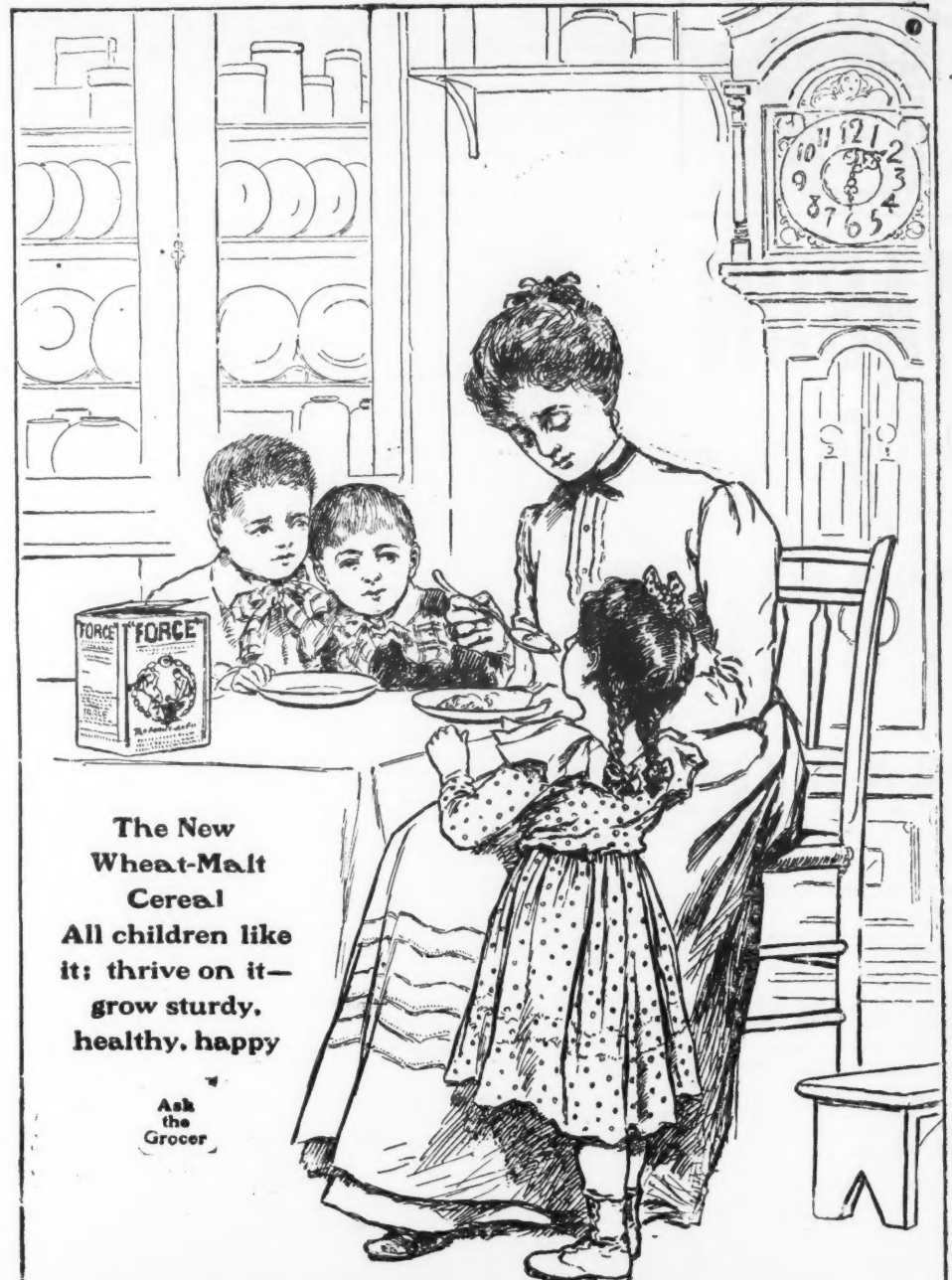
The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Gunn—May 3, Toronto, Mrs. Edmond Gunn, a daughter.
Pemberton—June 6, Barrie, Mrs. G. C. T. Pemberton, twins, son and daughter.
Colwell—June 5, Toronto, Mrs. Albert H. Colwell, a son.
Bald—June 6, Penetanguishene, Mrs. T. J. Bald, a son.
Connolly—May 25, Stevensville, Mrs. (Dr.) Connolly, a son.
Dallas—June 9, Toronto, Mrs. F. Dallas, a daughter.
Reid—June 6, Toronto, Mrs. T. A. Reid, a daughter.
Denton—June 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Denton, a daughter.
Davis—June 1, Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Davis, a son.
Orr—June 1, Reidsville, N.C., Mrs. (Rev.) W. F. Orr, a daughter.
Rodd—June 6, Windsor, Mrs. J. H. Rodd, a daughter.
Mayhew—June 9, Toronto, Mrs. J. Edward Mayhew, a son.
Johnson—June 11, Toronto, Mrs. J. Albert Johnson, a daughter.

Marriages.

Goodwin—Wickham—June 4, Toronto, W. E. Goodwin to Lizzie Wickham.
Cameron—Hughes—May 21, Schomberg, Alexander Beverley Cameron to Emma Louise Hughes.
Nettlefield—Clougher—June 5, Toronto, E. Bernard Nettlefield to Edith H. B. Clougher.
MacInnes—Patterson—June 5, Toronto, Charles Stephen MacInnes to Rose Louise Patterson.
Gooderham—Patterson—June 4, Toronto, George Edgar Gooderham to Emily Frances Patterson.
Guinness—Barlow—April 5, Toronto, A. Mortimer Guinness to Lily Maude Barlow.
Goodall—Anderson—May 11, New York, William Alvin Goodall, M.D., to Elizabeth Anderson.
Kendall—Boyer—June 4, Harrison, Augustine Kendall to Charlotte Olive Boyer.
McConnell—Wingard—June 4, Morrisburg, Wesley E. McConnell to Mabel Wingard.

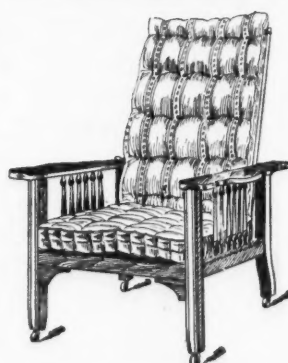


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gard.
Robson—Paterson—May 24, Belleville, Frank W. Robson to Wilhelmina Munro Elizabeth Paterson.
Caldwell—Winnett—June 4, Toronto, Alexander Clyde Caldwell to Ina Gordon Winnett.
Sinclair—Shorney—June 10, Toronto, Edwin G. C. Sinclair to Lily Marie Shorney.
Mott—Collett—June 10, Toronto, Rev. R. H. Mott, B.D., to Little D. Collett.
Davis—Crane—June 10, Toronto, Harold Cuthbert Davis to Margaret Eleanor Crane.
Brittain—Myers—June 11, Toronto, Charles J. Brittain to Ethel Charlotte Myers.
Rutherford—Taylor—Chatham, Dr. J. W. Rutherford to Jessie Taylor.

Smith—Aykroyd—June 11, Toronto, James Frederick Smith to Minnie Aykroyd.

Deaths.

Johnston—June 5, Toronto, E. J. Johnston, aged 57.
Reid—June 5, Toronto, Alexander Reid, aged 50.
Friend—June 3, Toronto, Benjamin Friend.
Wilkie—June 7, Toronto, Mrs. Nellie Wilkie.
Enony—June 8, Toronto, George A. Enony, aged 74.
Pointon—June 10, Toronto, Mrs. Mary Pointon, aged 80.
McKellar—June 10, Toronto, Alexander McKellar, aged 43.

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